



THE READERS DIGEST

— Of Lasting Interest —

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Number 61

MAY NINETEEN TWENTY-SEVEN

Through Europe on \$2 a Day

Condensed from *Pictorial Review* (April, '27)

Frank Schoonmaker

IF you have plenty of money you can go through Europe the way most Americans do—travel first-class and stop at the most expensive hotels; spend, in short, \$10 or more a day. To travel in this way you need no information; nothing but a large letter of credit. But to do it cheaply, to make a \$2-bill cover your food and lodging, your train-rides, museum fees, and incidental expenses, day after day, you have to know how.

Two years ago I decided that I wanted to see Europe. My funds were limited, and all the guide-books seemed to have been written by people of the large-letter-of-credit class. I intended to stay a whole Winter. With my small budget, according to guide-book figures, I could have stayed only five weeks. So I took a chance. I gambled on their being wrong, and I found they were. And I have always, from the first day I landed in Europe, had good food and plenty of it; I've never slept in a dirty room or a really uncomfortable bed.

The only way to begin a cheap trip to Europe is to buy an inexpensive steamship ticket. You can save enough in one week on the Atlantic to keep you a month or more in Europe.

There are now four inexpensive ways to go to Europe: second class, cabin class, tourist third class, and by freight-boats. To begin at the bottom of the financial scale—the clean, comfortable accommodations which you find in tourist third class bear no resemblance whatever to the old steerage of prewar days. The cabins are simple, but not at all bad; the food is plentiful and much better than the average restaurant serves; the deck space is ample; the service good. While 18,000 people (two-thirds of them women) went abroad in tourist third during the first nine months of 1925, more than 30,000 chose this class during the same period of 1926. And with the restrictions laid down by steamship companies, by which all immigrant families, and in fact, all except the bonafide tourists, are excluded, it is safe to say that there was scarcely a real "undesirable" among all these. College students, teachers, artists, writers, and the like, form the majority of the passengers.

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The Reader's Digest

*"An article a day" from leading magazines
—each article of enduring value and interest,
in condensed, permanent booklet form.*

Sixth Year

MAY 1927

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The Most Ruthless of All Pirates

Condensed from *The Mentor* (April, '27)

Walter Davenport

HENRY MORGAN was born in Wales, in 1635, the son of a well-to-do farmer. At ten he ran away from home. He shipped as cabin boy for Barbados, where the skipper, eager to be rid of a lusty lad who was as quick with a pistol as any of his crew, sold him into slavery. We next hear of Morgan in Jamaica, where he joined a pirate's crew, and in a brief voyage to Navassa he acquitted himself with such piratical aptitude that the great free-booter of the day, Mansvelt, decided the lad would bear watching.

Morgan saved his money. In two years he bought a sloop and recruited 30 hard-boiled thugs. Each was a champion in his own set. But Morgan ruled them all, first establishing himself as their master by killing two who refused to make public confession of Morgan's superior courage and small-arms expertness.

The proceeds of his first cruise were trivial. It set him to thinking. "See here," said Morgan to old Mansvelt, "these sporadic raids fetch too little. Let us combine. Let us raise a great fleet and, after clearing the seas of a hundred competitors, devote ourselves alone to the profits."

So old Mansvelt organized a fleet of 15 ships, purchasing some and ac-

quiring others by condemnation—of the owners! He made Morgan vice admiral and set forth for New Providence Island—which surrendered with such alacrity that Morgan was outraged. To teach the natives that nothing was to be gained by refusing to fight, Morgan caused a dozen of the leading citizens to be arrayed before him and after lecturing them upon the dignity of arms hanged them!

At Tortuga were heavy Portuguese merchantmen. On to Tortuga then. Here Morgan personally led 40 strong-arm men in a hand-to-hand fight on the deck of the largest of the Portuguese ships. After the battle Morgan had a heart-to-heart talk with old Mansvelt, and the latter died during the interview—Morgan explaining that the pistol went off accidentally!

Morgan now had 18 ships and 1000 men. On to Cuba next. Fifty miles inland lay Puerto Principe. On land the admiral became a capable general. But Puerto Principe had been warned of his coming and had buried its choicest treasures. Into a church Morgan herded 100 of the town's rich men. In a building near by he drove the womenfolk, first stripping them of their clothing. In a house between he packed the children.

"And there," he announced, "they

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shall stay without bread or water until I am guided to the burial places of the gold, silver and jewels."

Once a day, for four days, Morgan took one of the women to the church where before the men prisoners he tortured her. On the fifth day the Spaniards surrendered their secrets and Morgan collected his booty.

On the Isthmus of Panama lay the dream objective of all good pirates. For 60 years no invader had entered Porto Bello's harbor nor scaled the ramparts of the mighty castle of San Jerome. Then came Morgan. With 500 men he fell upon the castle, capturing 100 men and women outside the walls before the Spaniards knew he was there. Eighty of his captives he thrust into the outside powder magazine and touched it off. The others—five priests and 15 nuns—he forced to march in front of him, a human breastwork.

Fifty of Morgan's men died in the first assault, but Morgan, surrounded by the priests and nuns, was unhurt because the Spaniards would not fire upon them.

"Shoot, shoot," screamed the nuns "We are glad to die." And the soldiers above opened fire on Morgan and his terror-stricken guard, and all but Morgan fell. He got a ball through his ear.

Over the inner walls came Morgan and his screaming savages. The Spaniards threw themselves into corner huddles and prayed. Their prayers were short. The pirates slew the garrison and the women and children where they knelt.

With 200 of his original 500, Morgan retired to Jamaica. He loaded three of his nine ships with merchandise, gold, silver and jewels; the holds of three more were crowded with women to be sold.

Then came Morgan's last campaign—Panama, the richest treasure in New Spain! But a thousand grenadiers garrisoned the town and a hundred cannon frowned down upon the Gold Road, over which the invader must come.

On Oct. 24, 1670, Morgan set forth from Port Royal with 2000 desperadoes

in 37 ships. The men landed, and started the 40-mile march to Panama. The sailors were ignorant of the ways of the forest. Thrice insurrections arose. The third was quelled by Morgan alone—with a pistol in each hand, facing an army of ruffians.

Their advance was contested by Indians, who assailed them at night. The men were mad with thirst and hunger. They ate their leathern wallets and belts. Some were killed in fights between themselves. The poisoned darts thrown by the Indians brought them to the ground to die in convulsions. There were some suicides.

On the morning of the tenth day they saw Panama. The sight of the richest city in the Western World maddened them beyond restraint. Panama had no chance. She lost heart when she beheld insane pirates dash straight into the mouths of howitzers. It wasn't real. The thousand grenadiers wilted mentally. The pirates came at the city from a hundred angles. There might have been 10,000 of them as far as Panama could tell.

Once within the city Morgan's men raged through the streets, slaying as they ran. Most of the citizens had hidden their wealth. By torture Morgan made them reveal their hiding places. Two hundred mules carried the loot. Four hundred men and women, stripped of their clothing, were taken along as prisoners.

Insurrection broke out among the pirates at the division of the spoils. The protests grew louder, so that one night Morgan fled on his fastest ship. Later, he went to England, where King William had been urged to curb the man. Morgan faced the few who had the temerity to accuse him; the result was that, instead of admonishing him, King William knighted him and sent him back to Jamaica as Lieutenant Governor! And there he proceeded to *hang pirates*! They got no trial. Many of them had been pirates with him formerly.

After a few years he was recalled to England. He bought a castle and died in a gentle manner befitting a grateful king's knight.

Spring and the Poets

Reprinted from: *The Forum* (April, '27)

Frederick L. Allen

SOMETHING must be done about the poetry of spring. It may be all right for England, but it won't do for Westchester County, New York.

The trouble with the poetry of spring—I mean the imported English variety on which we were all brought up—is that it was manufactured for the English market and has no relation to local conditions.

In the England of the poets spring begins early and lasts a long time. Wilfred Scawen Blunt informs us in a sonnet that on St. Valentine's Day, riding horseback on "the Sussex weald, a sea of brown," he heard a thrush sing and knew that spring had come. No such optimism would be possible over here. Our local weald is a sea of white on St. Valentine's Day: one rides upon it on a toboggan, hears the slap of tire chains against the mudguards of a passing sedan, and knows that winter isn't over by a long shot. In England, according to Tennyson, whenever a March wind sighs, he sets the jewel-print of Maud's feet in violets blue as her eyes. Hereabouts the boys would have to track Maud by the print of her goshes in the slush. As for April, in England everything is coming out then,—trees, flowers, lyric poetry, chaffinches, April showers, love, and the spirit of merry youth,—until by the first of May your English poet is all ready to throw aside his umbrella, dance around the maypole, and heave a couple of wreaths of posies at the first shepherd lass he sees. Not so in the suburbs of New York. With us, April is the month when you order that extra ton of coal, hope nobody has put away your winter overcoat, and wonder at the temerity of the daffodils that insist on coming out just as if there were no danger of tonsillitis.

The trees don't begin to show green before May, and until then the spirit of merry youth will stand without hitching.

Now this situation, as anybody can see, is absurd. For years we have gone on teaching this highly inappropriate seasonal poetry to the young; and the young, reading about the early lark, the daisy, and the marigold, have looked out the window at the bare branches whipped by the east wind, and have come to the private conclusion that these poets were a cock-eyed lot who went into frenzies over nothing. The cumulative loss of prestige to poetry has been terrific. And think, too, of the loss to us New York commuters, compelled to stagger along without any really adequate lyrics to express our feelings about the weather!

One solution of the problem might be to rely more on home manufactures. I suggest that an embargo, or at least a prohibitive tariff on English lyrics dealing with March and April be rushed through Congress, on the ground that the teaching of these lyrics constitutes nothing less than a widespread and pernicious British propaganda against that most cherished of American institutions, the delayed spring; and that simultaneously a determined drive be made (with the slogan, "Patronize Your Neighborhood Poet") to induce our home-bred bards to flood the market with 100 percent American lyrics.

I am no poet myself, but even a mere publicist (I feel convinced that taking up this great crusade makes me a publicist) must try to show the way. I therefore take the liberty of suggesting the sort of thing that we who have this matter at heart would like to see adopted:

April

Away, goloshes! Tarry, rubbers!

April winds are blowing.

April showers bring pneumonia,

Keep the furnace going.

Hey Nonny—no! Cuckoo! Hey nonny!

OR

Ode to April

The slush it has melted

But the mud is still here.

Hail! April, thou messiest

Month of the year.

I'm down with the grippe, and

My love she has flu.

Hail! April, physicians

Sing paeans to you!

(Chorus of Hey Nonnies to suit.)

Instead of verses expressing a longing to be at home now that April's here, I suggest something more in accord with the normal sentiments of residents of Westchester County during the early vernal season:

Abroad Thoughts from Home

"Unsettled today, with easterly winds;

"Tomorrow, probably rain."

O to be basking in

Pinehurst,

White Sulphur,

Mentone,

Miami,

Or Spain!

English poems, where permitted, should always be revised to meet local climatic conditions in some such way as this:

The May Queen

Oh I must gather knots of flowers, and
buds and garlands gay,

For I'm to be Queen o' the May,
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the
May;

Please wake and call me early, call
me early, mother dear;

I want to get off to an early start,
the florist's so far from here.

Perhaps you at least catch the idea. But suppose our local lyricists fail to rise to the emergency, what then? I propose nothing less than a revision of the calendar to put March and April right with the poets. We already have daylight-saving time; why not a poetry-saving calendar? All that is neces-

sary is to put our watches back one month at 2 A. M. on April first and call it March first again, allowing the railroad stations, if they get nasty about the change, to display the standard calendar. That would make the traditional English poetry right for the second March, and right for April, and pretty nearly right for May; and everything would be jake, with perhaps a few revisions here and there to call attention to the change, such as:

The year's at the spring (poetry-saving calendar)

And day's at the morn,

Morning's at seven (daylight-saving time)

The hillside's dew-pearl'd, etc.

To bring about one or both of these desirable consummations, the Movement must of course be properly organized to mobilize public opinion. First, we must form a National Committee. If anything was ever accomplished in this world without a National Committee, we haven't heard of it in Westchester County. Charles Evans Hughes will be prevailed upon to act as Honorary Chairman, and Nicholas Murray Butler and a lot of people of that sort will be on the Committee. We shall set a goal of five million lyrics and form sub-committees of Bankers, Cloak-and-Suit Men, Professional Athletes, and School children. The Campaign will begin on April first (during a seasonable snow-storm) with a monster mass meeting at Carnegie Hall, at which President Coolidge will affirm his faith in the American people and say that April is a drafty month and that poetry is a good thing.

The Campaign will go over with a bang, and before people know it America will have reasserted her moral leadership. Westchester County will be made safe for springtime lyrics, and I shall be sitting pretty in a permanent job as National Secretary of the Permanent Committee. But that is all in the future. Meanwhile English poetry is still on top, and the forecast for tomorrow is Continued Cold, Probably Showers or Snow.

Marriage

Condensed from the American Magazine (April, '27)

Booth Tarkington

"TO be in love," said a cynical bachelor friend of mine, "is to be the victim of glamour. Glamour isn't only a false glow; it's an intoxication. And there you have the typical condition out of which youthful marriage is made: two dazed, immature and little more than childish minds, really unacquainted with each other, and blinded by temporary intoxication, enter into a kind of contract to which the most crazily reckless business man would not dream of binding himself. And all their relatives and best friends stand around bawling, and expecting only the good and beautiful to come of an act of temporary insanity!"

Exactly to what degree my friend's "horror of marriage" is warranted, no one can say. We only know that, no matter how crazy the contract, most husbands and wives do "get along with each other somehow," not always happily, but "well enough," with more or less harmony, more or less conflict, and a great deal of the deepest devotion. What is surprising in an advanced civilization, is that they "get along" with only antiquated tradition to guide them. In this most difficult of human relationships, the wedded must still grope for individual salvation.

By a coincidence, my next visitor was a man who had just been divorced; and it was he who spoke of this groping. He and his wife had not even known *how* to grope for an individual salvation, he told me. "We were in love with each other, and thought life would be paradise because the marriage ceremony permitted us to live with each other. Unfortunately, we got over being in love; it lasted about three years, but kept growing paler all the time. I don't know what made it begin to pale, though it wasn't

long until we began to have differences. We disagreed about friends. Then she wanted to join one of these foolish sects that spring up around queer 'prophets,' and we argued about it at first, and then wrangled. After that she went surreptitiously, and I found it out and told her I absolutely wouldn't stand for it; she'd got to give it up. She said I was unreasonable, and the only people she cared to please, when they asked unreasonable things, were people she loved; that I'd better do a little giving up myself and stop playing cards with some men I liked and she didn't. It was all as petty as that, you see. Finally it came to a showdown, and we realized that if the thing had been to do over, we would never have dreamed of marrying each other. It's been a hard experience—but how could we have done any better?"

Later, when I was able to think over the meaning of all he had said, it began to seem to me that his unfortunate experience had a significance fairly common in troubled marriages. Before marriage, he and the lady were happy. They were then in a condition defined as freedom. During marriage they were not happy. They were then not in a condition they thought of as freedom. Then they separated, in order to restore to themselves their previous condition of freedom, and, having restored it, they became happier.

I began to ask myself: is there a great essential element in the happiest marriages, and if there is, what is its nature? In other words, what, in such marriages, preserves "young love," or else substitutes for it a steady and unselfish devotion?

I remembered an odd, pleasant thing I had heard a man say about his wife. He is a middle aged countryman of no sophistication. "The only thing

I'm sorry for is not marryin' her soon-er. And I certainly would of, if I'd had any idea a woman could treat a man the way she's always treated me."

"How does she treat you, Sam?"

"How?" he said. "Why we been married full 17 years now, and she still treats me exactly the same as if I was a perfect stranger!"

What is this special kind of court-esy due to a *stranger*? Well, we meet him with a kindly manner that means a readiness to be of assistance to him; and we show him quietly that it will be a pleasure to help make himself comfortable. More, we are careful not to intrude upon him. We give him our best information, but we don't urge; far less do we say, "You shall," or "You shall not." All in all, we try to be useful to him, and in no way do we seek to interfere with his complete freedom of action and thought.

Thus, then, I found three suggestive instances: my old bachelor friend, with his "horror of marriage" as a bondage entered upon in delusion; my divorced friend, whose marriage was broken for the sake of a freedom he and his wife found impossible to obtain as long as they remained bound in wedlock; and finally this contradictory happy case of Sam and his wife, to whom marriage is not a bondage at all. The bachelor could therefore have felt no horror of such a marriage as Sam's, and my second visitor might have studied Sam and his wife with surprise and profit. They are happily devoted to each other because each respects the other's right to be an "independent human being." Remembering that sect his wife wished to join, the divorced man would perhaps be interested to learn that if Mrs. Sam should tell her husband that she had joined the "Holy Jumpers," Sam would say, "Didja?" and probably add, "Well, some say it's a good thing. Ole Man Kinney prophesies we're goin' to have a warm spring again."

The divorced man might be critical of Sam's position here; he might say, "What! Was I to let my wife make a fool of herself?" Here is a question of primary importance. How far may

a wife or husband profitably interfere with the other, when the other is doing a silly or injurious thing?

Now, to interfere means to curtail freedom. Those whose freedom is curtailed do not like it; they have a powerful native instinct for liberty, and also an instinct for equality, both of which are set in revolt by the curtailment. Between sane individuals, the effort to impose the one's will upon the other, no matter how noble the motive, is, in its essence, an act of tyranny, and though it may in some instances produce the kind of harmony known between slave and master, this is not precisely the kind of harmony we find in what we call happy marriages.

To a stranger, about to become involved in error, we tactfully present information, avoiding any appearance of pressure or controversy. Between man and wife this seems all that can be safely done. There must be freedom for conclusions.

An elderly family physician, with whom I had been talking, expressed the opinion that treatment as a perfect stranger isn't always possible. "Last month the wife of one of my patients signed up for a \$3000 automobile without consulting him. Another woman is actually made sick—she's sick in bed and seriously—because her husband insists on having his mother live with them. And in a third case a lovely girl married a man who seemed in every way attractive; but marriage brought out a brutality in him, as marriage sometimes does, that had been latent till then. How does your freedom work in these cases?"

"It doesn't," I said. "In the infinite variety of human-kind there is a proportion of fools, brutes, and freaks; and the unfortunate person who enters into bondage with these must suffer. It can't apply to them and I don't think you've understood what I'm trying to discover. I'm looking for the essential element in the happiest marriages, with the idea that if we found it somebody might be able to inject it into marriages not so happy. I didn't mean that *all* marriages could be happy, but I am inclining to the

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Getting Ahead of the Joneses

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (April, '27)

R. Le Clerc Phillips

"WHAT I like about England," said my dentist, after a vacation abroad, "is that people stay in their own class in that country. The universal American habit of straining to 'get ahead of the Joneses' entails efforts which make the game by no means worth the candle. One of these days people will realize it, and the sooner the better. Year by year, as the population of the country increases, the struggle to raise oneself socially and financially is getting more deadly and more difficult. One of these days it will become so intensely difficult that men and women will choose the alternative to this frightful competition. That is, they will stay in the class in which they happen to be born and cultivate serenity and a competence instead of the competitive spirit and a nervous breakdown."

A woman who had just decided to separate from her husband recently said to me: "My husband has failed in the field in which it is most important that every man and woman should succeed—that is, as an ordinary social human being. He is a brilliant success as a merchant and a pitiful failure as a man. He has been generous to me with his money and incredibly stingy with his company. I shall refuse any reconciliation, for his companionship is no longer worth having. He has been ruined by his ghastrly abuse of the modern competitive spirit."

Her husband, she continued, had nothing to say—that is, nothing to say as an ordinary social human male, although he had an immense amount to say in his capacity of merchant. Furthermore, he had little but contempt for all the personal graces because they did not "get a man anywhere." And then she burst out,

"From now on I intend to cultivate the society of none but those who are resolutely determined to go nowhere, although I suppose that this will make my circle dreadfully restricted. But then, I have always preferred quality to quantity."

Over and over again have I heard complaints of the obtuseness of the highly competitive male concerning the inner needs and longings of intelligent women as opposed to their needs for raiment, food, shelter. These last he understands, for they are material; but the desire for a community of interests, for intellectual comradeship, for some faint recognition of the fact that a woman has a soul and cannot live in happiness by bread alone is, so they say, incomprehensible to his business-ridden mind.

"Once, when I was young," said one woman to me, "I had enthusiasms and a score of interests. But I suppose I was not one of the strong-minded sort. I had to have someone to share them with if they were to be kept alive. I married; and when I talked of the things I loved my husband just looked at me—and *grunted*. It is many years now since we have exchanged any conversation other than on formal commonplaces. But he is satisfied; he is getting ahead in the world."

Now, the competitive spirit is particularly strong in the United States and the divorce rate is particularly high. Is there any relation between the two? I believe there is.

Marriage, until recently, meant for a woman protection and economic safety, two conditions of such immense value that wives might well be content to leave well enough alone and not demand much more than these strictly material benefits from their husbands. But today women are

able to provide for themselves. Put bluntly, the old inducement of economic safety as one of the most attractive features of marriage for a woman is no longer enough. She is able to demand higher inducements to change her status as an economically independent woman.

Without question, the inducement which the average intelligent and well-bred woman would prefer is that of a high degree of personality in an aspiring suitor—a personality that commands first the interest, then the respect, and finally the devotion of women. And the point to which I wish to lead is the fact that the competitive spirit, when highly developed, kills the quality which the modern self-supporting woman demands as a compensation for the much diminished prestige of matrimonial economic safety. In other words, the highly competitive male is entirely lacking in personal attractiveness since the competitive spirit and personal attractiveness are mutually destructive. In the eyes of women he is, indeed, a horror, and the sooner he knows it the better.

I often wonder how our "success" experts explain the towering personalities and marvelous performances of men who lived and died in the days of inherited social status, when success "authorities" were not, and no one dreamed of spending his life in an attempt to beat his fellows in a race to a higher social class than his own. Yet men *did* rise, *did* make their mark, *did* exchange poverty for wealth and obscurity for power. Shakespeare was the son of a poor small-town tradesman; Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a butcher; Napoleon was the poverty-stricken son of a petty Corsican lawyer; Rousseau was the son of a poor watchmaker; Voltaire was the son of a notary. And these examples might be multiplied a hundred-fold. Yet such men came to the front when the competitive spirit was unknown in its present sense, and when social status was accepted as an inherited condition.

Little imagination is needed to picture the life of many a young man, with all its horrible record of perpetual straining to climb the next step of the ladder, its lack of serenity, its struggle to keep up appearances for fear of what the "Joneses" will say, and its dismally small money margin for old age or the inevitable rainy day.

Our "go-getters" have soured and sharpened social life from top to bottom; and with their money-sodden minds they have rendered themselves obnoxious to any woman outside the ranks of the "gold-diggers."

I confess that I look back with regret at the days of inherited social status and comparatively limited horizons. Just think of life without the "Joneses"! For these detestable "Joneses" are a modern and more particularly an American bugbear. Our ancestors in the old countries lived and had their being untouched by their influence; and we have only to study the chronicles and intimate records of other days to realize that they were lighter-hearted, more joyous men and women than ourselves. But since those days the "Joneses" have spawned and multiplied incredibly and most of us are under their domination in a greater or lesser degree. And with the increasing influence of this family has come the decreasing agreeableness of social life. Taine, who made an exhaustive study of the social life of the *Ancien Régime*, asks the reason of its peculiar charm. And he answers his own question with the verdict that "there was no laborious, forced work in those days, no furious competition, no uncertain careers, no infinite perspectives. Ranks were clearly defined, ambitions limited, and there was less envy. Man was not habitually dissatisfied, soured and preoccupied as he is today."

This state of affairs is not progress according to the "go-getters." But what is progress? Some of us are beginning to be as puzzled about its nature as Pontius Pilate was about the nature of truth.

And Now the Radio Actor

Condensed from Vanity Fair (April, '27)

Leslie Howard

AND now comes the radio, an entirely new career open to Theatians.

To the uninitiated the great mystery always is: since the radio audience get their entertainment free, who is the philanthropist who pays the actors, and the other very considerable expenses connected with the performance? Of course that's the catch. One is never quite sure. But one thing is certain. The whole thing is publicity. The actor is advertising *somebody's* product—whether it be a chewing gum, an automobile tire, a tooth paste, or a night club. A big business man once said to me, "Actors are parasites on the community—they don't produce nothing." But not the radio actor. He is helping to "produce" all manner of things.

My solitary radio appearance (or should I say audition) was most exhilarating. I was engaged by a very charming gentleman who called himself, somewhat mysteriously, "the director." With him I signed a contract, in which I pledged my exclusive services for a certain evening between the hours of nine and ten, in 14 different cities all at the same time. That was uncanny enough on the face of it. I was to play opposite a famous actress in a scene from an equally famous play.

Accordingly, at the appointed hour, I presented myself at the studio. I was pleasantly surprised at once. There was none of that depressing stage-door atmosphere that prevails at the regular theater that makes one wish one were selling bonds instead of acting. Instead I entered a luxurious reception room, dimly lighted. A number of ladies and gentlemen were standing and sitting around, elegantly smoking and chatting. A very small man advanced and shook hands with me and trusted I was well. He

wasn't much to look at, but he had a rich and resonant voice. (Voices are everything here.) He said he was our Announcer, as he handed my hat and coat to a boy. He said, furthermore, that we were due to be "on the air" in five minutes, which frightened me dreadfully. I looked through the two adjacent studios. They were strictly soundproof, and through their glass doors I could see people whose mouths opened and shut, but from which no sounds seemed to issue. I could see the members of a large orchestra in their shirt sleeves, working apparently in complete silence.

Suddenly the little man seized me and thrust me into one of the studios. I found myself in a brilliant glare of light, and in the midst of an intense activity. The orchestra was tuning up, singers were humming through their songs, my Announcer friend was marching up and down, having a little private rehearsal in addressing an imaginary audience. It was all most bewildering and the noise was simply indescribable. Suddenly an official popped in and called out loudly "Three minutes." To which nobody paid the slightest attention. A little later, "Two minutes."

This again had no effect. Rather nervously I glanced through the manuscript and wished I had learned it by heart.

"One minute."

Just as much noise as ever. I was beginning to get very frightened. The famous actress screamed something in my ear.

Famous Actress: All right?

Me: What?

F. A.: Are you all right?

Me: I think so.

F. A.: I'm going to cut that line about New York being a big place.

Me: What line?

F. A.: Well, there's only one. I'm going to cut it. It's no good and you

can't tell whether they're laughing anyway.

Me: Sure.

F. A.: And don't forget to wait for the thunder.

Me: What thunder?

F. A.: Don't be a fool. All the thunder. And can you imitate a dog barking?

Me (horrified): No!

The Official Voice again, "Thirty seconds." More noise than ever. Then, very loud, "ON THE AIR."

Absolute dead silence! Every single sound stops. You feel you ought to apologize for your noisy heart. Your audience has arrived. Seven millions of them, from 14 large cities. They are practically in the room with you. They can hear every sound. One feels their presence most oppressively.

At the far side of the room the Announcer was now whispering confidentially into a solitary microphone. Wondering why he went so far to do this, I moved nearer to hear what he was saying. He was discussing some mysterious disease from which, according to his statistics, four-fifths of the human race are suffering, and which can only be checked by a liberal use of Borham's Tooth Paste. For a moment I wondered what connection this mysterious disease could have with our impending performance. But only for a moment.

I realized by the gentleman's next words that this was "Borham Hour," and that we were part of the "Borham Tooth Paste Repertory Co.," and would be assisted by the "Borham Tooth Paste Symphony Orchestra." I had not realized until that moment who my august employers were, but the discreet way in which their representative avoids tainting one's art with commercialism by advertising their product delicately through another microphone commended my employers very dearly to me.

The entertainment was now on in earnest. The Announcer raised his head from his instrument, the Tooth Paste orchestra struck up, and the Tooth Paste singers broke into song. I had been sitting next to them, and when the song was over, I jumped to

my feet and cried "Marvelous! I bet that will wake the farmers up." At which a horror-stricken official leaped at me, and, with an agitated finger to his lips, reminded me that seven million people could hear my every remark.

I found myself standing up with the Famous Actress for our opening love scene, the manuscript shaking in my hands. I was just getting nicely warmed up when the official gestured that I must speak my heart out into the microphone. Accordingly I tried to ignore the Famous Actress and poured my soul into the instrument. Immediately the official gestured that I was speaking too loud. This rather flustered me, and I spoke my line, "Dearest, listen to that ominous thunder," before I realized there hadn't been any thunder.

This horrified the official, who signalled violently to the drummer, who in turn thumped vigorously on his drum. I myself was so put out that I turned over two pages by mistake. This produced a dreadful result. The Famous Actress went into a gale of laughter, and I hastened nervously to explain, out loud, to the world in general, "Oh, hell, I've turned over two pages. I'm all of a dither." This quite finished the Famous Actress and very nearly produced a catalepsy in the official, whose almost superhuman gesticulations plainly indicated, "You confounded fool, don't you know that there are over seven million people at the end of this thing, four million of whom probably have pyorrhea?"

Realizing suddenly that much of the tooth paste market was trembling in the balance, I pulled myself together and addressed myself again to the "mike." Somehow we got through.

I am afraid I have made it all look rather complicated, but I assure you that acting for the radio is really a most inspiring art.

In the old days the cry of the stage was "Brains, brains." Discarding the latter the moviess came and cried "Faces, faces." And now comes the radio with the cry "Voices, voices."

And it is always the actor who responds.

Can a "T. B. M." Be a Good Father?

Condensed from *Children, The Magazine for Parents* (April, '27)

J. George Frederick

BY unanimous opinion, the "Tired Business Man" is not a very successful father. Why? The usual answer, that he devotes too many hours to business, is a very incomplete one. Many men besides business men have very few hours a day with their children, yet are adequate fathers. Another reason often assigned is the sternness and hardness of us "T. B. M." fathers. The stage and the movies depict many of this type. It is a fiction and a libel. There is no greater proportion of sternness and hardness among business fathers than in any other group.

To get the real truth about the American business man it is necessary to appraise his emotional life. He is centered emotionally with extraordinary intensity, not in his family, but in his work; and this seriously affects all his family relationships. We must accept the fact. To succeed in the business world, conducted as it is today so concentratedly, whole-heartedly, all-demandingly, the individual must use the same tempo, the same spirit and intensity, or fall back badly in the race. It is a Spartan discipline.

What is necessary, therefore, is to make business men more conscious of their father problem, and to work out such adjustments as are attainable. Do not, as is so often done nowadays, minimize the business man's brains and ability. He is the most powerful man of action that civilization has yet produced. Show him the problem, develop in him a consciousness of need, and he will find a way out.

The modern business man can't have his son with him at his work-bench, and teach him his own trade, as of old. He does not even, in large cities, get much more than a once-a-week op-

portunity to play with his small children.

In my opinion, the solution for the time problem is what I shall call magnifying time. It's an Einstein solution. Time is, after all, relative. An hour can be made more significant than a day. I remember quarters of an hour with my grandfather which were far more memorable and pregnant with value for me as a boy, than whole days with other men. I remember a half-hour talk on a noisy train with a man my father introduced me to, more vividly and effectively than days spent with someone else. I remember a hunting trip with my father when we were caught in a storm and talked for an hour rather intensively, more clearly than I remember long days of casual association at home with him.

A father whose time with his children is exceedingly limited should apply the time-magnifying method, and definitely set about to make the most of such time as he can have with his children. After all, this is a familiar problem in business, where men make minutes count. The U. S. Steel Corporation was formed in a few hours one evening at J. P. Morgan's house by three or four men.

I believe that character, like billion dollar steel consolidations, can be formed in small periods of time. I believe that a father who has one hour's really thoughtful talk with one of his children has made, or could make, as important an impression as if he stayed home all day. Actually, impressions gain in effectiveness if they are intensified and concentrated, just as a skilled writer's poignant sentences will leave a sharper impression than an unskilled writer's ten pages.

How does this work out? Since I commute, I see my youngsters only at dinner-time and their bedtime arrives at the close of dinner. But I scheme a way to make ten minutes count at bedtime. I "magnify" the ten minutes, alternating between a pillow fight and story-telling. Each of these is a time-intensifier. Memory of it lingers long with them. The story method is so flexible that I can tell them things they should be told, masked in a story.

With my older youngsters, I contrive, at least once a week, to do something rather different and striking with each one, for an hour or two. It may only be a talk, during which we get to something important. My daughter has literary aspirations, so I assign her a subject upon which, during the week, she writes an essay. The subject selected is usually something puzzling her in life or literature; therefore, something character-forming, when we discuss it.

In the case of the young man, I may take him with me to a luncheon, introduce him to a celebrity, or it may be simply a star chamber session, or a chance to see how something works in my business, or a letter to read, or even a trip together to a lecture or the theater, in the course of which something is debated. Of course, the important point in any such plan is to know, by keeping alive a sense of comradeship with them, what they are thinking about; what their state of development is.

The successful father has ceased being a stodgy policeman and has become an enjoyable companion, whom one can "kid"; at whom a child can "make a face" with a show of defiance, while still fully intending to heed. In business, if a man can get on a "friendly-kidding" basis with a customer, he counts it a gain. With his children as well he should not hesitate to cultivate this friendly attitude of give-and-take.

The strong man never uses much force, and the weak man who tries it

never gets very far. Even the mounted police of Africa, coping with armed Zulu savages, rarely draw a gun. Mastery is demonstrated by gentleness, only weak men try to tyrannize. Good executives in business never parade their authority. Why then do so in the home? If it is worth while in business to develop *esprit de corps*, why not use the same principle in the home? Most young people do not feel that they can go to their parents and get something off their chests. A man is a failure as a father unless his children feel they can do this.

Play is the broadest gateway to father success for the tired business man. It is so easy, so delightful, and can be so readily speeded up so as to consume but a small amount of time, that the father who does not romp with his young children is a deliberate misfit.

Play with older children is more complicated. But if the "T. B. M." can make such time as he has carry the right spirit, he can be a tower of strength to his children. "Play" with older children may be mere verbal persiflage, teasing, laughter. It may be athletic games, or dancing, or sheer frivolity. It may be participation in some of their parties; it may be music or the arts; it may be almost anything, providing the spirit of it is youthful and spontaneous.

The father-value of this lies in the atmosphere of informality thus created, in which, along with the casual give-and-take of it, there inevitably occurs a vital transfer of values to the child. What a father is, is more important than his set speeches. Children absorb more in play than they get from preachments. They "get" you and your standards more readily by seeing you in action. The modern business man wants to be a success as a father, but it is a much more difficult art than it was in simpler days. Let's "magnify" our time with our children so that it will make the relationship vital.

These Disillusioned Highbrows

Condensed from *The Independent* (April 9, '27)

Frederick L. Allen

I SOMETIMES wonder what sort of picture of our times will be presented by the historian of, say, the 24th Century. It will make so much difference what sort of evidence he gets his hands on! Suppose for instance, he finds buried in some ruin a package of rotogravure Sunday supplements: will he not set forth the sober conclusion that the principal American occupations in 1927 were laying corner stones, placing wreaths, pinning medals, playing leapfrog in one-piece bathing suits, and doing classic dances on the lawn in Greek costume?

Suppose he happens upon the advertising pages of a popular magazine: will he be able to escape believing that the American family of 1927 dressed happily together in the bathroom, welcomed their guests in the cellar before the oil furnace, and spent the day with one foot on the running board of a sleek automobile, with a palatial mansion in the immediate background?

But suppose, on the other hand, the 24th Century historian takes at their face value the books and magazine articles produced today by our disillusioned young urban highbrows, that school of hard knockers who, inspired by Mr. Mencken and Mr. Sinclair Lewis, are bent upon persuading us how vulgar, depraved, and uncivilized we are. There, I submit, is a truly terrifying prospect. Reading the jeremiads of our hard-boiled intelligentsia, what will he think of us? It is a fantastic picture which will be unrolled before his eyes—of a nation whose business men are boors, whose clergymen are hypocrites engaged in illicit amours, whose leading citizens are inflated bigots, and whose country people are plous morons; of a nation

in which—to judge from some of its critics—there is not tolerance, almost no intellectual life, little decency, and no honesty except among those who declare that little decency to be a sham. The 24th Century historian will have to know how to take his evidence with a grain of salt.

A new school of biography has arisen: the new biographer turns our good men and true into whitened sepulchres and turns a flattering light upon the more dubious figures of history. We are taken on many a sight-seeing tour through the slums of sex, and we applaud as the most amusing heroine of the year the blonde mistress of a button manufacturer. We are persuaded that it is sex that makes the world go round: that religion and idealism are merely the result of psychological sublimations; and that a reformer—in the space of five years the term has become one of contempt—is merely the creature of his own inhibitions and unsatisfied sex instincts and Sadistic impulses.

If you want to see this new style at its noisiest and yet its best, glance at any article in which Mr. Mencken really lets himself go. I have before me an editorial in a recent *Mercury*. Of the President Mr. Mencken says, "Even the Babbitts of the land have begun to see that he is a hollow and preposterous fellow, without anything in his head properly describable as ideas, and with notions of dignity and honor indistinguishable from those of a country book agent." Even an irreconcilable Democrat must admit that the author of that sentence is not overexercising his judicial faculties. Mr. Mencken prettily refers to the Coolidge propaganda in the newspapers as "the Coolidge garbage that has drenched the country," and says

of it: "So the avalanche of goose-grease began, with the lesser sheets following with their squirts of rose-water and vaseline." Try to imagine any of the 19th Century apostles of exquisite and gracious English writing that sentence, and you will see what Mr. Mencken is contributing to American literature. He does not woo us with soft phrases, he shouts his denunciations; reading an article by him is like hearing a whole piano piece played fortissimo.

That style of Mencken's has had an extraordinary influence upon the young writers of the country. Not only does everyone who writes for the Mercury seem to fall into the same tricks of exuberant phrasing; any editor will tell you that in many a manuscript which may never have been intended for the Mercury and may never be published anywhere he detects what is doubtless intended to be the Mencken touch. A clergyman is called an oily clerico, his sermons are flapdoodle for the prurientos, farmers are yokels, public officials are mountebanks, and social workers are hired snoopers. These literary camp followers do not share the uncanny ability of their leader; they have merely acquired from a study of his work the idea—which he would repudiate—that good writing consists in calling names as violently as possible.

But it is not the style of the school of hard knockers that is most instructive; it is their attitude toward life. Look at almost any book or magazine article or book review by a young American writer who wants to show that he is right in the swim of modernity. You will find it assumed that the United States is shot through with hypocrisy and stupidity and meanness; and that the enormous majority of Americans are beneath the notice of civilized man, except as a butt for his gibes. And what, you may wonder is to be done about this distressing situation? Why, nothing, it appears. The civilized man would never try to improve anything. If

he did, somebody might think he was one of these uplifters. Let the uplifters concoct their futile remedies; he stands aside in the superiority of disillusion. He realizes that the only way to overcome the tedium of life is to amuse himself by scoffing at it. The only pleasure left him is heaving a verbal tomato at a respected citizen. That, he feels, is a gesture becoming a member of the intelligentsia.

In so far as the movement has deflated our windy pretensions it has been vastly valuable. American sentimentalism needs an antidote, frequently and skillfully administered. Yet even the feeblest of patients cannot live on a diet of antidotes—and we are being offered so little else these days! Contemplating the flood of pessimistic and calumnious literature that is now pouring from the presses, one suspects that the pendulum has swung about far enough. It is almost time that the debunkers were themselves debunked.

They seem very sure that they alone are the intelligentsia. But is the average American really such a hopeless idiot? Perhaps the hard-boiled who wax vindictive about intolerance might practice a little more tolerance themselves in connection with this average American. And perhaps they might realize that the really intelligent man is cautious in his judgments, and that the really civilized man is courteous.

But I venture to suspect that before long there will be little need of debunking these writers who wear dingy blue glasses. Their own success will be their undoing. Their public will tire of seeing itself butchered to make a highbrow holiday. The books of the 1920's will gather dust on our shelves, and once in a while we shall smile at them and say, "Whew! how they all lit into the United States in those days."

Keeping the Peace

Condensed from *The North American Review* (April, '27)

Charles E. Jefferson

THE World War made it clear that the peace must be kept if we are not to perish. War has become a new thing. In the old days men said war was a good thing, a tonic. "A little bloodletting will tone us up." No one speaks thus since the end of the World War.

In former times men formulated laws of war. It was a game and they regulated the weapons and procedure by agreements. Those days are gone. Today, war defies all restraint. This is because military defeat now means ruin. A government is only a group of men. The group changes time and again, especially in war. No group of patriots will ever allow their country to go down when hard pressed by a military foe without using every possible weapon, no matter what promises may have been made by the leaders who preceded them.

But can the peace be kept? Many say that "human nature being what it is, war is inevitable." But impossible things frequently happen. Up till yesterday every one said man could not fly. Not till today was it possible to hear in New York the hand-clapping at a football game in Pasadena. We telephone across the Atlantic for the first time in history. Things never done before since the beginning of the world have been done since the beginning of the present century. Why should anyone say oracularly that it is impossible for nations to keep the peace? If science has made war a new thing, possibly science has opened up new avenues to peace.

With sane teachers giving instruction from selected centers, all the nations can be taught the science and art of peace. "Impossible." It was Mirabeau who once said—"Never men-

tion to me again that blockhead of a word." With so many incurable diseases lying dead at our feet, who dare say that war cannot be slain? If there are antitoxins for the poisons which have made havoc of our flesh, what ground have we for saying there is no antitoxin for the microbe of war? With witchcraft and slavery and cannibalism and duelling all vanquished, it is foolish to assert that war is unconquerable. There have been three historic scourges, famine, pestilence and war. The first two have been banished, and only timid hearts declare the third cannot be overcome. It is reasonable to believe that everything which ought to be done on our planet can be done. If war ought to be abolished men can do it.

By whom can the peace be kept? Peace is a world problem, and every nation must contribute to its solution. But a few strong nations must go ahead. Why should the English-speaking nations not lead? Why should they not unitedly declare their devotion to the cause of international good will? The Governments of England and the United States work harmoniously together, but the two peoples are not so close together as they ought to be. The next step in human progress is the creation of additional bonds between them.

There are groups in England who understand America, and there are groups in America who understand England, but these groups must be extended. The popular feeling in both countries must become more sympathetic, more amiable. When good will is absent from large classes of people, one cannot be sure that sane measures will prevail. The only sure

safeguard against war is friendship. There is no international dispute which nations in a good humor cannot settle. There is hardly any dispute which can be settled by nations which dislike each other. Nothing can take the place of friendly feeling. World courts and arbitration treaties, and a League of Nations, are invaluable helps, but they are unreliable without a league of hearts. It is only when hearts touch that international relations rest upon a solid foundation.

There are many obstacles, and these must be overcome. There are journalists in every country who habitually put the worst construction on every act of a foreign government, taking a devilish delight in poisoning the wells of international good will. Their jibes and slurs can induce an irritation which may become a dangerous inflammation. No nation can be known through its press, for newspapers make a specialty of the exceptional and abnormal. A few years ago certain Irishmen in New York City had a fashion of packing Madison Square Garden now and then to relieve themselves by hissing England. Their hisses were accurately reported here and across the sea. The papers did not report that there were 20,000 New Yorkers in the neighborhood of Madison Square Garden who did not know that an anti-British meeting was being held, and that there were probably 40,000 other New Yorkers in that section of the city who put the hissing Irishmen down as fanatics and fools.

In every country there are men who are instinctively boorish. They say offensive and cutting things about other countries without thinking of consequences. Boors sometimes become U. S. Senators. Englishmen and Americans of a certain type are alike in possessing a genius for saying exasperating things. All such bitter words are blown through trumpets into the ears of the world, and international friendships are thus imperilled.

Even the common people can bring down the social tone of the world.

Bitter words against men of other lands spoken in the railway train, or in the club room, or in the street, work together for discord. Tourists also have their responsibilities. Tourists become doubly mischievous if on returning home they insist on writing sarcastic books. The mischief-workers are numerous on both sides of the Atlantic; hence, the continuous work of men of good will is urgent.

World peace is not going to come by chance. War will not be abolished by wishes or prayers or resolutions. Good intentions are not a match for bad tempers. Offensive speech always causes trouble. There must be a new public opinion. And for the creation of public opinion every man is responsible.

It is said that a man ought to keep his friendships in repair. That is what nations ought to do. The wear and tear of international life are constant and severe, and international friendships wear out and must be renewed. Huge corps of peace lovers on both sides of the Atlantic should work unceasingly to keep our international friendships fresh and strong. The atmosphere is yet too frigid for the work of the League of Nations to run and be glorified. The world must have a warmer heart.

Progress must inevitably be slow. Patience is a virtue indispensable to all men who work at gigantic tasks. Strong men do not repine because of delays. What ought to be, will some day come. We must all work. There should be no slackers in this great campaign. They tell us that in the next war there will be no noncombatants—all will be mobilized. No one should be left out now, every one doing what he can in creating this new international atmosphere.

In his autobiography, Viscount Grey sums up his conclusion as to the means by which war can be avoided. He says, "The most effective change would be that nations should dislike each other a little less and like each other a little more."

Is Man Immortal?—A Symposium

Excerpts from McCall's Magazine (April, '27)

See inside back cover for notes about the authors

S. Parkes Cadman: Of all God's creatures man alone is able to *think* immortality. What Darwin called "the grand instinct" has survived for countless aeons the shock of bodily death. Immortality is the natural flow of God's character. There could be no capacity for endless and blessed life in man were it not vouchsafed him by his Creator. The Divine Parent who will not allow an electron or a throb of energy to be wasted will not cast His own children as "rubbish to the void."

Joseph Fort Newton: God, man, and life found focus and became incandescent in Christ, in whom we see what God is, what man may be, and to what fine issues life ascends. Once we see what it is that gives dignity, worth and meaning to life, argument for immortality is not needed. . . By all the highest promptings of our nature we are urged, even commanded, to live for things immortal; for truth, justice, purity, love—things that belong to the eternal life. Manifestly, the soul is as immortal as the moral order which inhabits it, else morality were a mockery. Since, in their out-working, the laws of the moral life reach beyond the shadow men call death, we have authentic assurance. To discover this truth and live accordingly—laying our plans and forming our fellowships as citizens of eternity—that is life indeed; that is religion in its true meaning.

Luther Burbank: I do not believe in man-made theories of the immortality of the soul; I believe in the immortality of life which Nature proclaims. I worship the Omnipotent Force that I find back of the beginnings of all life and beauty and good. The creed I subscribe to is Nature's plainly written creed of work and love and service—of the rewards of

a life well and honestly lived, and of the punishments for opportunities wasted, capacities dissipated and duties disregarded.

Above all I declare with all the force and sincerity I have that *no man will receive eternal or any other judgment because of what he believes, but because of how he lives*. I do not believe in a heaven for believers and a hell for unbelievers. I believe in a heaven on earth for the man who does his work as well as he can. I believe in a hell on earth for the man who cheats and shrinks and quits, and I have seen many men in that hell and I have pitied them.

I have a great and abiding faith: the faith that work and honesty and sincerity and love are what make the world progress, and I would like to think that each generation is doing the work that is set out for it to do, a little better than the one before. The faith that to leave some impression for good on your fellowmen when you are gone is the highest of heavens; the faith that to have had life and an opportunity to work and serve and laugh and love and be loved, is a golden reward in itself and makes other rewards superfluous.

Bishop Francis J. McConnell: If we can whole-heartedly believe that God is like Christ—that Christ has told us the truth about God—then God feels toward men as Christ felt toward them. We could not imagine a Christ-like God calling men into existence to mock them with a few brief tantalizing years and then to blot them into nothingness. If Christ has the truth as to God's Fatherhood of men, such treatment of men by God is morally inconceivable. It would put God's Fatherhood below the moral ideal of human fatherhood and

thus empty Christ's word of all meaning.

James Branch Cabell: One should, I think, cherish always, if only as a diverting and inexpensive plaything, this pungent notion of being immortal. It is really quite inexpensive, because, should your notion prove ungrounded, you run no tiniest risk of being twitted by and by for your credulity, or even of ever discovering your error. Meanwhile, this faith renders life, and dying, too, endurable; and it offers against all vacant half-hours a variety of diverting speculations.

E. J. Kempf, M. D.: Belief in immortality is a vital necessity to humanity. It makes life worth living to multitudes of people who, otherwise, unable to endure the futility of a painful struggle, would sink into despair after the passing of their loved ones.

The need for belief in immortality is the result of a profound biological compensation occurring unconsciously to protect the vital organs from anxiety, depression and despair through the creation of a wish-fulfilling obsession. Research into the influence of emotions and beliefs upon health and disease has shown that belief in immortality is necessary to protect the vital functions in the struggle to make life worth living. . . . Belief in immortality in some form is man's most effective insurance against eventual despair.

William Allen White: The whole panorama of force that man knows has an apparent purpose, some plan intelligible to man's mind in part at least. Man has dug out so many secrets of the habits of material energy that it is conceivable that man's consciousness may encompass all the facts of material energy. Yet he can explain nothing of the purpose behind the things that move in matter.

Another thing is beyond him: the comprehension of his conscious self. His inner being and "the purposes of God" are beyond him. Man's consciousness is greater therefore than

the things it encompasses or can encompass. Matter and energy are of one order: God and human consciousness are of another. God and the soul of man are therefore higher than the manifestations of force that man knows.

Energy may be indestructible. It passes from form to form. But the purpose back of energy, the spirit of a planned growth from the simple to the more complex, is changeless. It is immortal. Is it not logical to hold that man's spirit, wrestling in love toward fellowship with God's hidden plan, is more lasting in the universe than the changing and perhaps passing energy which God directs? "I know," cried Job, amid the wreck of his mortal hopes, "I know that my Redeemer liveth!" Is not that very faith itself, that belief in purpose stronger than energy, faith which reaches out to touch the Divine direction of things and holds it firm by something stronger than force, is not that very faith an evidence of immortality? "I go to the Father," said our greatest Brother, "for the Father is greater than I."

H. A. Overstreet: "In my Father's house are many mansions" has become almost a scientific dictum. For the scientist today talks of a world not only of three dimensions but of many more. He talks of infinities. The last thing that the true scientist will say is, "The thing is impossible."

The subject of immortality must be approached with a completely open mind. Nature has far more secrets to reveal than have yet been disclosed. Science has proved that things are not what they seem. The apparently solid matter in front of us for example, is not solid at all, but a system of electronic charges. Now to the ordinary mind the most real reality is what we see and touch. But that may not be the most real reality at all. To a more accurate seeing, the most real reality may be thought, purpose and will.

What, now, 's an individual person? He is a focus, so to speak, of

thought, purpose and will. And that this present focussing of thought, purpose and will is simply to be cast on the ash-heap of the universe, we are less and less able to believe.

We are already scientifically convinced of the indestructibility of matter. We shall, I think, also become convinced of the indestructibility of those peculiar forms of reality which we call thought, purpose and will. Science is emerging from its rather crass materialism. It is realizing that there is a profounder reality than so-called matter—that the most real reality of all is that which we call the human personality.

Coningsby Dawson: No scientific method has yet been devised for proving immortality. But how differently human beings would have acted, had they not glimpsed a horizon more eternal than that of the beasts which perish. Every progress and altruism has sprung from that second-sight. Because men believed that, whatever happened to their bodies, their souls went marching on, cities displaced the jungle and high-roads pushed out across the Saharas of adventure. And the supreme sacrifice of crucifying their flesh for others—why do men make it, allegorizing God's compassion—unless they know that they themselves are little gods, and share God's faculty for pressing endlessly forward? . . . In a world which has been so over-explained that sometimes it seems no more than a jumbled mass of mechanism, we should be grateful that He has left us some mysteries to dream about. The greatest of these is immortality.

Walter Prichard Eaton: For the most part I am content to be agnostic, gathering what answers in my case for the serenity of the mystic's faith, in the confidence that at any rate a few years, or even a few hundred years, of "immortality" may come to a man through the grateful memory of the race. This seems to me, on the whole, a far worthier incentive to right living and good deeds than the fear of Hell or the hope of

Heaven. It is enough for me that in this brief moment the chance is given me for the one glorious adventure called Life. If I can seize that moment, it is enough.

Harold Bell Wright: I believe in immortality because I know that nothing—not even the things which we call material—dies in the sense that it ceases to exist.

Immaterial things are as real as material things.

I know that this, which I call myself, is not a material thing. I know that I am fashioned of immaterial things—of thoughts, loves, hates, hopes, fears, ambitions, dreams. I am conscious that this material body of flesh and blood and nerves and bones is no more *me*, than the clothing I wear is my body. I use this body—feed it, cover it, try to keep it in good running order. Some day I shall find that I have used it up—worn it out—and shall cast it aside and it will be thrown on the rubbish heap. But they will not throw *me* on the rubbish heap because I am not material flesh and blood and bones and nerves that can be used up & worn out. I am something else.

Channing Pollock: Few things interest me less than "immortality." I am too busy here to care about the hereafter. The perpetuation of my ego, or of the egos of those I love, in streets of gold, or rivers of fire, is not sufficiently important to serve as bribe or threat. I do not need promise of reward or threat of punishment to do my best and, if I did, I should regard the man who did his best without them as a better man. (The immortality I crave is the immortality of thought and act that shall live after me.) The immortality I desire for those I love is accomplished when they live in my mind and heart. Whether or not they live in "another world" is not important to me, because if they do not, I shall not, and so neither of us shall suffer loss.

Most creeds have abandoned the idea of Hell. Is it a further departure from religion to abandon the idea of Heaven? And does not the fact

that we turn aside from belief in punishment, but not from faith in reward, seem significant and symptomatic? I do not know or care whether I shall live after death, any more than I know or care how long I shall live *before* death. The important thing is that I shall live helpfully, however long. My religion is a philosophy of living rather than a concern with death. The "immortality" that interests me is the immortality of high ideals, unselfish service, clean living, clear thinking, and good work well done.

Judge Florence Allen: We all know that the thing which makes our bodies live is not the flesh, the blood, and the bone which physically compose them. It is the breath of life within. This force has never been located, nor dissected, nor analyzed, and probably it never will be; but we know with every one of our senses that it exists. Only when we have this spirit in us are we capable of emotion and action, thought and feeling.

Now where does this spirit go upon death? We see the body die and change to dust, but we do not see the spirit die. We know that the spirit did live; we know that energy continues in one form or another, and we have no evidence that the spirit dies with the death of the body. So I presume we can say we have reason for our belief in immortality.

John Langdon-Davies: I know that I love my loved ones for many reasons which must be evanescent: a way of laughing, even a way of weeping, a way of being angry, even some little physical habit—certainly not immortal, yet a real part of the personality I love; without them, the people I love cease to be the people I love, and what does my heart gain from the idea of a personal immortality which changes the person, even if the change is for the better? What my heart wants is what it loves unchanged even for the better.

But there is another immortality: that of the universe. As a scientist,

I know that the universe is immortal, and since my friends and I are parts of the universe, we too are immortal. Not as conscious, continuous individual beings of course, but susceptible to change and oblivion.

James H. Gillis: Certain skeptics make light of the intimations of immortality in the mind of man. But it is foolhardy to pooh-pooh any ingrained conviction of human nature. This "stupid" human race has an uncanny way of being right. The little breed of skeptics has a genius for being wrong. . . . I take refuge with the prophets, who with Christ, report that the revelation of immortality is written both on the mind of God and the heart of Man.

Rt. Rev. Charles L. Slattery: I have complete confidence in immortality. My first reason is the overwhelming conviction which has swept over me in the presence of death. Again and again, I am convinced, by what I believe a valid intuition, that the life here is part of that life which is beyond the shadows.

Frederick Pierce: Man is a separate and distinct order, far superior in nature and probable destiny to the animal order. To man, and to man only, is given power over time. He starts at each generation, with all of the past at his service. He uses it for the present, and meanwhile he occupies himself inventively with improving and discovering, so that he is constantly altering and predicting his own future. This is not merely a distinct and high function; it also suggests a definite instinct for a continuing future. Analytical study of the unconscious part of the mind cannot but convince one that it—the "Unconscious"—has connections with both past and future which are closed to ordinary consciousness. . . . We all have, I believe, an instinctive, unconscious knowledge that death is only change, not end.

Logic and the Stock Market

Condensed from *The American Mercury* (February, '27)

Fred C. Kelly

ONE's chances for success in the stock market are greatly enhanced by doing what *seems* to be illogical. To follow mere obvious surface logic is fatal.

The most logical thing a market speculator can do, and the thing he is most likely to do, is to buy when prices are high, and sell when prices have dropped, thus suffering a loss. For, when stock prices are highest, all the information drummed into one's ears is favorable, indicating that soon they will be still higher. But when prices are at their lowest ebb, all that one learns is discouraging. To a mind that works logically, it is obvious that the worst is yet to come. No wonder 97 men out of 100 buy at the top and sell at the bottom!

Anybody knows that when a thing has happened over and over again the presumption is in favor of its continuing to happen; but because you have thus arrived at a logical conclusion, on the very day that you decide to buy, the stock goes not up but down. You pay the top figure, for the reason that you are an average person. The same allurements that led you to buy at the top induced buying by all others subject to such influences. Naturally, when all who can be induced to buy have bought, and there are no others to whom one may sell, then the price can go no higher. The only way the stock can now move is downward.

But if you have a logical mind, you do not get excited as your stock drops. The setback, you figure, is probably only temporary. But each day, thereafter, let us say it takes a further violent drop. After it does this for ten days you repeat the logical reasoning you followed when it was advancing. You now decide that it is likely to continue dropping indefinitely. But

the day you sell is reasonably certain to mark the end of the decline, because you are not the only one who was finally scared into selling. You, being an average man, were merely representative. Everybody else has also sold. There being no more to sell, the stock can go no farther down.

If you hold stock in a certain company, and announcement is made that the annual dividend has been increased, you may be expected to feel pleased. "Now the stock will advance," you say. But instead, it is almost certain to decline on the good news. Many professional stock operators will reason that there is no use keeping it any longer, because the thing they have been hoping for and which the stock itself has anticipated by a gradual increase in price, has now happened. Since there are suddenly more sellers than buyers, the first move of the stock, when the good news becomes public, is downward. On the other hand, the price may go up on bad news, because influential people think: "The worst has now happened. The stock will never be so cheap again. Let's buy it."

When you think the time has come to sell part of your securities, the obviously logical thing to do is to dispose of those that have risen sharply in price and keep those which have not yet had their move upward. You figure that the ones which have advanced most are probably perilously high, while those which have stood still are less likely to drop. Hence, if you sell the ones in which you have a profit and keep the others, when the tardy ones advance you will then have a profit on all.

Though logical, your reasoning is wrong. The stocks which advanced in price probably did so because of their merit and they are therefore the

ones most likely to keep on advancing. Likewise, those that stood still did so because they were already priced high enough. You have sold the stocks most capable of giving you profits, and have kept those more likely to go lower in price than upward. In the end, you discover that you are nursing a bunch of chronic invalids.

Perhaps you will conclude that the logical thing to do is to follow the advice of your broker, because he deals in stocks all the time. Yet experience has shown that to follow a broker's advice is to take the road that leads to the almshouse. A broker is rarely a scientific student of stock fluctuations, but more probably only a fellow who follows mere surface indications. A statistician made a study of a series of market letters from 50 brokers and found that over a period of years they favored the buying side two-thirds of the time. Many financial writers on newspapers have told me that they could hardly hold their jobs unless they were optimistic about the market most of the time.

It might seem logical to go to the head of a business enterprise for information about the prospects of his own stock. Yet the fact is that such information is almost sure to be wrong, for the man is prejudiced about his own stock just as a mother has biased opinions about her own children.

It might be logical to act on the tips of professional stock operators—save for the fact that such information is almost sure to be wrong. At the time one is told that a professional operator is buying on a big scale, the chances are that he is really selling.

It looks then, doesn't it, as if the sensible thing is to follow one's own judgment. But of course one's own judgment is made up of all kinds of information, including that to be found in the newspapers. You observe in front-page news items that stocks are having a boom and that all signs point to higher prices. It seems a logical time to buy. After you have

bought, you learn that the stock news reached the first page because not only the high prices, but also the volume of buying, has been exceptional. By the time you buy, all the other speculators have already bought. Who, then, is going to bid for your stocks?

Another trouble about advice is that a logical mind cannot always accept it, even when it is good. You will be reluctant to heed a man's warning to sell, because, once you have sold, all chances for making further profits are gone; and what could be more illogical than placing oneself in such a situation as that?

It must be evident by this time that the only safe method is to be illogical. If you are logical you merely do what everybody else is doing. But you can make a profit in the market only by outwitting the majority.

A famous speculator once said: "I have done only what other people wanted me to do." When they were determined to sell their stocks in a falling market at whatever prices they could get and clamored for buyers, I accommodated them by buying. When they were equally anxious to buy stocks at high prices, I agreeably let them buy mine."

Statisticians have shown us that only a small percentage of the general public is intelligent. It naturally follows that most people have an inevitable tendency to be wrong. When a majority of the people are following a logical plan, the wise, prudent thing to do is to go contrary to their judgment, even if doing so seems illogical.

The stock market moves up and down in great waves called business cycles. Most people, being less smart than a few of the people, invariably mistake the trend of these waves and therefore buy and sell at the wrong time. To get aboard the tide at the right time, it is only necessary to disagree with the opinion of most of your neighbors who are following what they consider logical reasoning processes. Be illogical! Be careful!

An Investment in Beauty

Condensed from the *Woman's Home Companion* (March, '27)

Anna Steese Richardson

WHAT is Good Citizenship? Recently we decided that it might be a matter of beauty. That was the day on which the Playground and Recreation Association of America exhibited the before-and-after photographs of the 312 playgrounds entered in the Playground Beautification Contest.

Here is an idea which will appeal to teachers who know how the spirit of mischief can be transformed into constructive energy; to club women who wish they might conduct some sort of outdoor campaign which would arouse community interest; to business men who recognize that beauty of environment increases the value of property. Here is a campaign which a few men or women can present to the Chamber of Commerce, the Board of Education, the Rotary, the Kiwanis or the Lions Club, and secure the type of support which spells unqualified success.

William E. Harmon organized the Harmon Foundation in 1922 largely for the purpose of lending financial assistance to communities wishing to open playgrounds. Field workers of the Playground Association reported that many of the playgrounds were hideously ugly. Why not make them beautiful as well as useful? The Harmon Foundation put up \$3000 in cash prizes. The nursery companies contributed nursery stock worth \$1600. The Playground and Recreation Association handled the details. Prominent men acted as judges.

Communities were divided into three groups: those under 8000 population; those between 8000 and 25,000; those over 25,000; and the prizes were not offered for the most beautiful playgrounds but for the playgrounds which showed the greatest progress in landscaping, plantings and other

development between Nov. 1, 1925, and Nov. 1, 1926.

Three hundred and twelve playgrounds, representing every section of the country, entered the contest. Among communities under 8000 population the first prize was won by Stillman Valley, Ill., whose population is 300. The entire population contributed to making over its Community Recreation Park and all labor was volunteer. An unsightly signboard was removed and 30 loads of rubbish were carted away. Three old buildings were removed and 100 tons of crushed stone were hauled to the park and laid in streets and walks. Drinking water was installed; fence and shelter house were repainted, shrubs and plants were set out and the improvements were dedicated at a Community Night by citizens united in a new cooperative spirit.

La Porte, Ind., with 17,000 population, won first prize in the next larger group. Its story is equally interesting. This city had received as a 1924 Christmas present a fine playground tract, Scott Field; but for a year it remained undeveloped. When the Beautification Contest was announced a woman, the supervisor of physical training, took the initiative and entered Scott Field in the contest. It was she who aroused community interest, addressed all sorts of organization meetings and raised funds. With the exception of the fence built by the Board of Education and the leveling of the ground by the city, every dollar in cash and every hour of work, representing \$4420, was contributed by public-spirited citizens.

School janitors mowed the grass and cultivated the trees. Individual carpenters built an artistic log shelter house. The Kiwanis Club gave the proceeds of a baseball game toward

athletic equipment. The Business Girls' Association supplied the swings. Schools, clubs, business organizations and individuals responded to the appeal for trees and shrubs.

In Pauline, S. C., the project was carried through by half a dozen women working for the upbuilding of this rural district. They raised the funds by giving plays, holding sales and suppers. At the start the bare grounds had not a single piece of equipment, not a shrub nor a flower. But the work went forward steadily. The grounds were graded and sanded; trees, shrubs and flowers were planted. Twenty swings, 12 seesaws, several sand piles, a baseball diamond and a basketball court provided the necessary equipment. How those women must have gloried in winning a prize!

Dramatic and thrilling is the story of the campaign conducted in Chima-yo, N. M., with its population of 800, led by the principal of the school. A little army of volunteers did all the work. Men hauled away the mountain of dirt left from excavating for the schoolhouse. On Lincoln's Birthday and on several Saturday afternoons the pupils had "stoning parties" when even the smallest children helped to carry stones for building walls and paths. Boys and girls went into the mountains for evergreen trees. The boys of the manual training class laid the walks, built the fences and did all sorts of heavy work. The home economics class set out the shrubbery. Every man, woman and child contributed money or labor.

Each of the communities represented in the contest profited by the awakening of civic pride and interest in playgrounds. Bellefontaine, O., for example, has a municipal golf course as a by-product of the contest and a well-equipped school-ground with a year-round director of recreation in charge. In Stamford, Conn., the program included practical lessons in civics by classes which visited Hylan Field while the work was under way. The children then organized an all-

summer backyard clean-up of property in the vicinity.

The correspondence files of the Playground and Recreation Association overflow with interesting letters detailing the work done by the various groups in the contest. There exists no community in all America which could not draw help and inspiration from those letters.

If you are a teacher or a school principal or a county superintendent anxious to enlist pupils and their parents in a campaign for sightly school yards and playgrounds, the results of the Playground Beautification Contest will suggest a way out.

If you are a club woman wishing that your organization would do something to develop community spirit and improve the appearance of your town or neighborhood the material now in the hands of the Playground and Recreation Association will supply the working methods for such a campaign.

If you are a man belonging to a Boosters' Organization, here is a community project which every man-jack in your organization will approve and support. It means a better-looking town and better business.

And it can be done in so many different and fascinating ways. A chamber of commerce can start a contest among the different playgrounds of a single city. A federation of women's clubs can inaugurate a state or county-wide contest, securing cooperation from the departments of parks, highways, forestry and education.

The Playground and Recreation Association (315 Fourth Ave., New York City) will supply the needed pamphlets and individual information. Its booklets and bulletins make delightful reading. In particular, Bulletin 1269—Suggestions for Playground Beautification, prepared by Prof. Alan F. Arnold, Landscape Architect, Syracuse University, makes the reader long to go right out and buy trees and shrubs, to start a campaign for a more beautiful city.

Appomattox After 62 Years

Condensed from *Current History* (April, '27)

Arthur H. Jennings

THE little hamlet of Appomattox Court House, where on April 9, 1865, the tremendous epic of the Confederacy ended, has all but disappeared. Although now and then it is proposed to preserve and properly mark this historic place, nothing definite has yet been done except by patriotic bodies in Virginia, particularly the United Daughters of the Confederacy, who have placed markers and kept some soldier graves in good order.

The most conspicuous houses in the village at the time of Lee's surrender were the Court House itself, now entirely gone and its site marked by a tablet, and across the road, the hotel, which still stands. Two and a half miles north of the Court House there is now the thriving little town of Appomattox, on the Norfolk & Western Railway. At the time of the Civil War this was merely Appomattox station, where Sheridan swooped down and captured four trainloads of provisions sent from Lynchburg to meet Lee's army, and thus put the coup de grace to a situation which had passed beyond human endurance.

Lee and Grant went into conference in a room in the McLean house of which nothing now remains but a few piles of debris. It was torn down in 1893 to be transported and re-erected at the Chicago World's Fair, but for some reason the plan failed and the piles of brick and boards were left there.

When Lee entered with his staff Grant was waiting there with Colonel Marshall. Lee was Grant's senior by 16 years. His hair was silvery gray and he wore a full beard, also gray. He wore a new uniform, richly made, with a sword of gold, set off by jewels here and there—a sword of ceremony, not for use on the battlefield.

His boots were polished and he wore handsome spurs—some accounts say golden spurs. As he sat in the room a pair of long buckskin gauntlets and a felt hat, matching his uniform in color, lay on the table. Grant says of his own costume: "I wore a rough traveling suit, the uniform of a private, with the straps of a Lieutenant General. I must have contrasted very strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high and of faultless form." Lee's costume was partly his concession to his ideas of punctilious courtesy and good form and partly because his headquarters wagon had been lost. Grant's was due to the fact that for several days he had not been in touch with his headquarters, so far as being able to secure clothes was concerned.

Horace Porter says that Grant began the conversation by saying: "I met you once before, General Lee, while we were serving in Mexico. I have always remembered your appearance and I think I should have remembered you anywhere." Lee replied: "Yes, I know I met you there, and I have often thought of it and tried to recollect how you looked, but I have never been able to recall a single feature."

There was some further talk about Mexico, and then Lee raised the question of the moment. They had a short talk about the terms of surrender. "I think our correspondence indicated pretty clearly," said Grant, "the action that would be taken at our meeting, and I hope it may lead to a general suspension of hostilities and be the means of saving further life."

Lee inclined his head as indicating his accord with this wish, and General Grant went on to talk at some

length in a very pleasant vein about the prospects of peace. Lee was evidently anxious to proceed to the formal business of the surrender, saying: "I presume, General Grant, we have both considered carefully the steps to be taken, and I would suggest that you commit to writing what you have proposed."

General Grant, calling for his manifold book, proceeded to write the terms. He did not pause until he had finished the sentence ending with "officers appointed by me to receive them." Then his eyes seemed to rest on the handsome sword at Lee's side. He felt that it would be an unnecessary humiliation to require the officers to surrender their swords and a great hardship to deprive them of their personal baggage and horses, and after a short while he wrote the sentence: "This will not embrace the side arms of the officers nor their private horses or baggage."

Grant said of this moment: "The much talked of surrendering of Lee's sword and my handing it back is purest romance."

Lee read the terms attentively. Occasionally he made some remark to Grant concerning some small omission or adjustment he desired. The most important matter was the extension to privates of the privilege of taking their own horses or mules home with them. Grant quickly acceded. "That will have a very happy effect upon our men," said General Lee.

Grant introduced each member of his staff to Lee. There was considerable conversation before the terms and acceptance were finally signed and delivered, and the company present prepared to separate. Lee went to the porch of the house and directed that his horse be brought up. As he waited he gazed sadly and silently in the direction of the valley where his remnant of an army now reposed. He "smote his hands together in an absent sort of way," says Porter, "and seemed not to see the group of Federal officers in the yard who rose respectfully at his approach. General

Grant stepped down from the porch and saluted him by raising his hat. He was followed in this act of courtesy by all our officers present; Lee raised his hat respectfully and rode off to break the sad news to the brave fellows he had so long commanded."

Had Grant been a man of small nature or mean spirit the courtesy shown Lee in this matter of the officers' side arms and the men's horses would perhaps have been transformed into some petty spite against his foes.

Lee's generalship had brought upon Grant and the Lincoln Administration the anathemas of a stricken North and the curses of bereaved tens of thousands. Grant had abundant cause to feel other than generous to Lee and his fragment of an army, but that the victorious General behaved as he did will always be to his honor. The South has always admired that manly gesture of Grant's in the closing scene at Appomattox.

The break-up was now rapid. On April 11 the remnant of the Army of Northern Virginia bearing arms marched out and surrendered formally to the First Division of the Fifth Corps, drawn up along the ridge just beyond Appomattox Court House. When Lee left Appomattox he rode to Richmond. He was greeted all along the way with every evidence of affection.

So Appomattox was soon left desolate, a little hamlet long unknown, now to be known the world over forever. Perhaps the South regards it with that feeling of reverence, regret and sorrow that we have for the grave of some loved thing. Perhaps the North regards it as the scene of the culmination of some great purpose. However it be regarded, it stands as one of the marked spots of earth; that is, marked on the pages of history and in the minds of men, but strangely unmarked and unnoticed so far as the material evidences with which nations and Governments adorn or commemorate their high places are concerned.

The Horoscope of Taxation

Condensed from *The World's Work* (March, '27)

Mark Sullivan

TEN years or so ago, some states used to take pride in not having any debt, or none to speak of. In 1913, the entire state debt of Oregon was \$653. In 1922, it was \$50,759,020. Pennsylvania in 1913 had a total debt of \$142,160. In 1922 it was \$50,658,320. In 1913, the thrifty New England state of Maine had a total debt of \$700. In 1922, it was \$11,283,300. Even President Coolidge's home state, Vermont, has fallen for the vogue that "everybody's doing it." In the tables for 1913, opposite the word "Vermont," there was the word "None." By 1922 Vermont had taken on a debt of \$2,111,532.

So far as Federal income taxes are concerned, the average man, that is, the married man with two dependents, will pay less in taxes than he did under the pre-war act of 1916 if his income is less than \$13,000. But as respects local taxation, the average man is right at the beginning of a new sort of war. The average man is precisely the one who suffers from local taxation. Especially if he is a house-owner or a farmer does he suffer.

The farmers clamor at Washington for relief from their economic state. It is the state legislature and the county government that the farmer should watch and fight. Farms, and houses owned by city dwellers, are the sure victims of taxation. They are the one form of property that cannot be hidden and cannot escape by other means. I have seen a chart, the work of dependable experts, which to me seems incredible. It shows that the farmers of the country are taxed to the extent of practically one-fifth their income. Ten weeks of the year they work for the local tax collector.

In 1919, the national debt was 26.6 billions. In 1926, the national debt had been reduced to 19.1 billion dol-

lars. More than one-fourth the national debt has been paid off within less than six and a half years, a paying off at the rate of more than a billion dollars a year.

Turn now to the other portion of the public debt, the part Secretary Mellon cannot control, the part for which local state and county governments are responsible. It was 6.7 billions in 1919, and 12.2 billions in 1926. With a recurrence almost malevolent, the reductions made by Mr. Mellon and the additions made by local governments practically match each other. Every time Mr. Mellon took a dollar off, the local governments put a dollar on.

Let us now look at the *debt* in terms of *taxes*. The two go hand-in-hand. The government in Washington collected in 1920, 5.4 billions in taxes; in 1926, 2.8 billions. But the taxes collected by the local collector amounted to 3.2 billions in 1920, and 5.1 billions in 1925. There we see the old story, the local collector pulling us down as fast as Mr. Mellon raises us up.

I have restricted the record of the local government's operations to the last six years, merely in order to compare them with Mr. Mellon's record. To see all that the local governments have done, let us go back and begin with those pristine pre-war years, when local governments prided themselves, not on how much they could collect and spend, but on how small they could keep their collections.

That record shows that the local collector was taking in 1925 more than five times as much as in 1903. The increase has been steady; in no year has there been a reduction. And the taxpayer need look for no material reduction. The amount of taxes now being paid can be reduced in only one way—by ceasing to borrow, by stop-

ping the issuing of bonds, and also, of course, by restricting expenditures. And that has shown no sign of stopping. Even if the local governments should stop issuing bonds now, taxes would not go down; because the bonds already issued will continue to call for interest during many years to come.

In short, the local taxpayer has paid immense taxes, and on top of that has been subjected to a load of debt from which he cannot escape, and which as of today is about half what the national debt was at the time we all agreed it was an intolerable burden. About the national debt we made much noise, and more than a fourth of it has been canceled. But about local debts and local taxation there is and has been no noise.

The greater attention paid to national taxation is understandable. The subject is focused at one spot, Washington. Local taxation is diffused. The local taxes are laid, the local bond issues put out, by some two score legislatures, many hundreds of cities, counties, and "special districts." Also, not a few newspapers which cheer loudly for reductions in national taxation, cheer with equal loudness for increases of local taxation upon their own people. Local taxes are often laid for purposes which local newspapers are prevailed upon to support. Some types of local business men, such as real estate dealers, town-lot promoters, builders, politicians of all grades, dealers in road-building supplies, and automobile dealers, profit by the purposes to which new taxes and new bond issues are devoted.

National taxes, the sort Mr. Mellon collects, affects the average man hardly at all. It is the average man who suffers from local taxation. The average man pays no income tax to Washington. The total number who pay income taxes to Washington is but a little more than five millions, about one

person in 25 of the population. The five million payers of income taxes to Washington are in the upper economic strata. The average man is not touched. A married man with three children must have a *net* income of \$4700 before he needs to worry about Mr. Mellon as a tax-collector. And the average man has no such income.

Governor Theodore Christiansen of Minnesota said:

"It is my conviction that unless the tendency toward increased taxation in this country is soon checked, the burden will seriously impair the prosperity of the people. There is a limit to the load the people can bear. In many places that limit has been reached. In some it has been passed. Our institutions rest on a foundation consisting of the strained backs and taut muscles of those who work. It is possible, by adding one story after another to a building, so to increase the weight of the superstructure as to bend and break the foundation and cause the building itself to collapse. It is for statesmen to consider the social consequences of adding further to the burden of government."

Roland H. Hartley, Governor of the state of Washington, says:

"The people want and clamor for improved highways for the same reason that my boy, seeing your boy with a new skooter, sets up a howl for one like it. Why shouldn't the people howl for highways, when we are taking their money by the millions and pouring it into the highway fund? Their demand, however, is the wheeze and gurgle of the bung of the old familiar pork barrel, rather than the voice of economic necessity. . . . The present program is in excess of economic needs and the volume of construction cannot be properly planned or effectively supervised. In a word, the people need the money more than they need profligacy in road-building."

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America's Debt to the Hen

Condensed from The National Geographic Magazine (April, '27)

Harry R. Lewis

IN America, where poultry husbandry has attained its greatest development, the hen has become one of our leading national assets. The hen is becoming more and more a source of our food supply. From 1920 to 1924 the increase in chickens in the United States was 43 percent and the increase in egg production was 20 percent.

In 1923 the farm value of poultry produce exceeded by more than \$150,000,000 the value of all cattle raised, by nearly \$300,000,000 the value of wheat raised, and by \$400,000,000 all fruit and fruit products. The yearly value of the products of the American hen has already passed the billion-dollar mark.

For many years a considerable proportion of our poultry population was kept in back lots of city and suburban communities. Since the war, city and suburban poultry houses have been remodeled into garages, for the average suburban dweller no longer takes his pleasure in caring for chickens, but prefers to go to the movies, listen to the radio, or ride in his car. This change has been accompanied by the development of large commercial poultry farms in the Atlantic and Pacific Coast States, near large centers of population. The production of eggs under these conditions is rapidly assuming factory proportions.

It is less than 20 years since the first egg-laying contest was held in America; at present there are 40 competitions in operation. These contests have rendered a great service to poultry keepers, centering interest upon the individual ability of hens to lay eggs. Less and less attention is being given to the purely "fancy" exhibition fowl.

May, 1927

The efforts of the Federal Extension Service in conducting poultry schools, culling demonstrations, and model farm flocks throughout the rural communities are teaching the lesson that any poultry flock, properly hatched and reared and intelligently fed, can be made to lay during the season of the year when eggs are scarce and hence high. Contest experience has shown that successful breeding depends upon isolating the high individual producers and developing from them a strain of birds which breeds true for high egg production.

Petaluma, Cal., is known as the "Nation's Egg Basket." In 1926 the Leghorn hens of the Petaluma district, an area about 12 miles wide by 30 miles long, produced 51 million dozen eggs, and shipped more than 1400 carloads of eggs to eastern markets. Last year one egg of every 50 laid in the United States came from Petaluma.

An abundance of sunshine and plenty of green food the year round help to keep the Petaluma hens in good laying condition. The eggs come into the big cooperative egg-receiving plants daily, where they are carefully graded for size, color, and condition of shell. All soiled eggs are run through the sand-blast machine. At the peak of the season one packing plant receives and candles as many as a million eggs a day.

The hen is too valuable today as an egg machine to allow her to waste weeks in brooding chicks. Then, again, the hen is too fickle, too variable in her whims and desires. Credit for making possible our great commercial poultry industry should go

in large measure to the modern mammoth incubator, equipped with automatic ventilation and temperature control, with labor-saving devices to eliminate hand-turning and hand-cooling. The present capacity of one hatchery at Petaluma, consisting of five units, is 900,000 eggs. The completed plant, next season, will be able to turn out 1,800,000 chicks every three weeks.

The real romance of modern poultry husbandry has been the unprecedented growth in the production and shipment of readymade baby chicks. Hatched at commercial breeding farms, the chicks provide the most economical and convenient method of securing one's foundation stock, of enlarging one's flock, and of providing future generations of layers. The chicks are packed for shipment in specially constructed boxes of from 25 to 100 chicks' capacity.

The ability which the poultryman now possesses to cull his birds on a basis of external character, to eliminate the non-layers from the flock, is one factor which has made possible commercial poultry keeping. Weekly culling during the summer and fall brings about a reduction of the feed costs without any decrease in egg yield. The laying hen has a bright-red, full comb. When not laying, the comb becomes much smaller, appears shrunken and dry. The heavy-laying hen has a loose, pliable, soft abdomen. In the nonlaying hen the abdomen becomes small, shrunken, and hard.

The hen which is laying and has been laying heavily for some time shows absence of yellow pigments in shanks, beak, ear lobe and skin, due to the fact that the yellow color which she obtains from her feed has been used up in the production of egg yolks. As soon as she ceases to lay, this color begins to return—first to the ear lobes, then to the beak, then to the shanks.

We cannot but marvel at the accomplishments of scientific mating and rearing. Individual hens have been developed which lay more than 300

eggs—in one instance 351—in 365 days. Whole flocks average 200 eggs or better.

The reason why birds lay few eggs during the short days of winter is that Nature did not intend them to reproduce their kind during this season, and hence their digestive systems do not have sufficient capacity to hold the required quantities of food to maintain themselves during the long winter nights and at the same time have an excess which they can call upon to produce eggs. The use of lights shortens the long night span and enables the birds to eat more, with the result that they nearly double their fall and winter production.

Poultry keeping has been one of the few branches of agriculture which has continued at a profitable level during the postwar period, for the hen is one of the most economical producers of human food. No other animal on the farm more efficiently manufactures a finished product for human consumption from raw material. A little Leghorn weighing around four pounds, if well bred and well managed, will in one year consume from 75 to 80 pounds of feed and produce eggs weighing from 25 to 30 pounds.

It is the history of all civilized countries that as the population becomes more and more congested in large urban centers, as the proportion of farmers decreases, as the land area available for live-stock production diminishes, a nation must look more and more to the small animal unit as a source of food supply. We must of necessity make poultry meat and eggs an ever-increasing part of our daily diet, because poultry husbandry lends itself so readily to intensive methods in limited areas.

But poultry farming is a specialized form of industry. To be successful in this branch of agriculture, one must have intelligence and enterprise and be constantly on the watch against diseases that threaten the flock and be prepared for lower prices whenever the supply of poultry products overtakes the demand.

An Oriental Looks at Missions

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (April, '27)

John Jesudason Cornelius (See note on inside back cover)

RIGHTLY or wrongly, the East has come to think of Christianity as part of the political game of the West. In religion it talks of "going about doing good"; in politics this takes the form of "ruling others for their good."

Let us look at China through Eastern eyes. Foreign governments have frequently followed the path which the missionary had blazed. Where the missionary finds his field of activity, there the Chinese finds—not infrequently—the fixed bayonets of a foreign power.

The killing of a missionary, whether it be due to his own indiscretion, to the anti-foreign fury of some Chinese zealot, or to some other cause, has often been used by his government as an occasion for making demands for concessions from the Chinese Government. Many examples might be cited. The Boxer war was an evidence that the Chinese were weary of such frequent interference. And what was the result? The Chinese Government had to pay an indemnity of \$320,000,000; besides this she had also to yield the important right to tariff autonomy. Similarly she lost most of her valuable seaports. Thus was aroused the patriotic feeling to rid China of the missionary.

The feeling in India is not very different; it is the common belief that the Bible comes first and then the gunpowder. Wherever the Christians go, says the Hindu, they somehow manage to meddle with the political rights of the people. Before the Christians went to Africa the Africans had lands but no Bibles; now they have Bibles but no lands. In Kenya, for instance, the poor helpless natives are being driven out of all their desirable and fertile

lands. Under the Land Acts of 1913, 88 percent of the land of the South African Union was reserved for the white men, leaving 12 percent for the five million black men, who are four times as numerous. Hence the East concludes that the political method of the West is first to send missionaries, then traders, and then gunboats to deprive the helpless peoples of their lands and natural resources.

Is it any wonder if the East turns hostile to a religion which has let itself be used by foreign powers for political expansion, and grows more and more suspicious of the real mission of the missionary?

Consider the missionary's political relations. An alien society, to undertake missionary, educational, or other philanthropical work in a dependency, must first be recognized by the government concerned. The society, as well as the individual missionary, must sign a declaration recognizing "that, while carefully abstaining from political affairs, all due obedience and respect shall be given to the lawfully constituted Government." The East sees two striking points in the declaration: The missionary is to support the iron arm of imperialism — which, be it understood, is not politics! — and is to refrain from helping the people to the realization of legitimate national aspirations — for this, beware, is politics!

To be more specific, let us take the case of an American missionary in India. Having signed the declaration, he is to consider himself the guest of the British Government. His schools are inspected by the Government agent; he frequently receives Government aid for the maintenance of the mission. In return, and in

accordance with his declaration, he holds himself responsible for the behavior of the pupils and of the teachers in the schools of which he is in charge. He is expected, of course, to be careful to do or say nothing which would render the working of the British Government in India more difficult.

Under the circumstances, instead of being powerful forces for righteousness, the missionaries have too often become instruments in the hands of political forces and have allowed themselves to be tied hand and foot by imperial governments. There was a time when the missionaries were often the only channel of protest against injustice. But that channel is largely blocked today.

The fear is also widespread that Western Christianity tends to suppress not only national aspirations but also national cultures. The normal thing for any country is to promote its national culture. The missionaries have too often attempted to destroy it. Not being "Christian," it was "heathen," and hence preordained to damnation!

The missionaries have not only despised our literature but have also condemned our music and art, because they are connected with "heathen" religions. Their intolerance of everything which in any way savored of heathenism has been so great that, in India for instance, they have not allowed their converts to retain their Hindu names. This explains how it happens that some Indians have such names as the author's, Joseph Gabriel, Mary McFarland, Henry Senecafalls, etc.

The anti-Christian movement in China similarly accuses Christianity of being a Westernizing force. The mission schools are accused of having grossly neglected to emphasize Chinese culture and literature. As a rule, graduates of mission schools are woefully lacking in a knowledge of Chinese literature and in an ability to speak correct Chinese. Let us suppose that the children of some schools in New Jersey were taught Confucianism as the best code of

morals; the geography, not of New Jersey and the United States, but of Manchuria, Peking, etc.; the history, not of the United States, but of the Chinese Dynasties; let us suppose that they were taught a little English but much of Chinese; and that the whole system of education was based not on the American philosophy of education but on the Chinese. Would you say that these schools were training the young to take their places as intelligent citizens of the American republic?

Even though such an education were financed by Chinese capital and carried on with a purely philanthropic motive, would not Americans revolt against such an un-American system of education? Would not the American government be justified if it legislated in such a way that in course of time these schools would become American in the personnel of their administrative staff, in their supporting constituencies and legal relationships, in the contents of their curricula, and above all in their entire atmosphere? This is exactly what the anti-Christian movement wants to do with all the schools conducted by the missions for the Chinese children. It wants these schools, instead of being Westernizing and denationalizing centers, to become radiating centers for a higher nationalism. Not a wicked ambition, is it?

The political and commercial penetration of the West was engendered a new spirit in the East. The rising tide of nationalism is not a desire to be aggressive but a longing to be free to determine its own destiny and to live within its own boundary unhampered by foreign interference. Western Christianity, according to the present temper of the East, has been philanthropic in profession but political in action.

The writer hopes that with a better understanding of what has happened in the past, East and West can cooperate more efficiently in the future for the service of humanity.

(To be continued.)

The Oath: An Outworn Gesture

Condensed from McNaught's Magazine (May, '26)

Charles B. Driscoll

VERY early in the history of the race, men began to use magic cursing formulas as tests of the truthfulness of witnesses. The hairy human of the cave, accused of some offense, would, of course, deny guilt. Seeking to convince his accuser that his words were true, he would address himself to some supernatural, all-powerful being, and command: "Kill me if what I say isn't true." Then, after a short wait, he would say triumphantly: "You see, he didn't kill me! So what I said must be true."

This was quite convincing for a time, but lost force as experience indicated that the witness remained alive even when it was known that he was lying. However, the custom of conditional cursing as a demonstration of truthfulness became one of the superstitious customs of the race, and is now prevalent throughout the world, civilized and uncivilized.

The boy's oath, "Cross my heart and hope to die," once so solemn, has become meaningless by reason of experience. The boy has found that he doesn't die when he lies, so he "hopes to die" without any compunction. So it is with adults and their oaths in and out of court. The swearer directs his attention rather to the perjury statute than to the "So help me God" that has become utterly meaningless to him. A perjury statute, of course, could be made just as forceful without an oath as with one.

Some Hindus, when they swear, touch the legs of a Brahman. They fear to lie while thus in contact with holiness. But in America, whose legs would we touch while swearing? Not those of a clergyman, because there is vast difference of opinion about the rightness in our many conflicting creeds. The legs of a banker might serve, but bankers have no time to

spare for this sort of service to the state.

Our swearing is without dignity, restraint or faith. The witness in a court is generally sworn by a bailiff who holds his job because he has a large family that votes for the judge. The bailiff commands: "Holeuppyerhan!" Then he mumbles or shouts: "Do you umm-bumm-ummm-s-elpyegod?" The witness nods his head, mutters, or says nothing. It all goes as an oath.

Is the witness impressed with the necessity for telling the truth? He is not. The oath means nothing anywhere.

Permit me to propose an alternative. Let the witness swear: "I hereby bet \$10 that what I am about to say will be the truth." He would then toss upon the table the amount mentioned (the amount to be fixed by the court, with due reference to ability to pay). The court croupier would rake it in, and issue a receipt. The case at bar finally adjudicated, the bets of the witnesses would be forfeited or returned to them with increment, depending upon whether they had been made out liars or truth-tellers. Increment would be made up of dividends upon forfeitures, so that it would be especially profitable to tell the truth while lying happened to be the general custom. Under my proposed system, the court bank might net fortunes to few honest persons in Washington, Los Angeles, Miami and other notable centers of exaggeration.

Does this appear irreligious and profane? No. I maintain that there is every reason to believe that the Supreme Ruler is highly displeased with this insensate calling upon Him to witness the truth of innumerable lies, at all hours of the day and night.

We are warranted in presuming that it is not flattering to God.

The oath is not effective with the intelligent person, because he disavows, in his soul, all belief in magic word formulas. It is ineffective with the ignorant person because we do not make the ceremony fearsome enough to be convincing to him. The Berber never takes an oath without first removing every stitch of his clothing, so that the evil substance of the curse he is about to pronounce may not settle upon his clothes and thus envelop him in a sort of deadly miasma ere he has opportunity to ward it off by telling the truth. But this custom is incompatible with our culture. The sheriff's force is now taxed to the utmost, whenever the prospective appearance of a piquant co-respondent on the witness stand is advertised in the newspapers.

In China, the witness usually breaks a saucer in pieces on the floor, chanting the while a noxious curse, expressing the hope that his soul may be broken in fragments as is this saucer if he lies. Yet you cannot imagine that such an oath would have much force when taken by an American bank-wrecker or bandit. On the other hand, every American is competent to understand the meaning of a bet. He thinks in terms of money. If he bets \$10 or \$100 that he is going to tell the truth, he is quite likely to make a genuine effort to win.

Lately it has become customary for our President and the governors of states to take the oath of office before the microphone, so that all the world may be edified. The President kisses the Bible, and at the next inauguration we may expect to hear the smack from Maine to Teapot Dome. What long, dark ages have intervened between the original muttering of these magic curses in the jungle and their dignified repetition by a modern politician who is able to project his voice over the limitless realms of space!

The archons of Athens stood upon a sacred stone and swore to rule right-

eously. The solid stone was commonly believed to lend to the exalted jobholders some of its strength, so that they might keep their promise. But the stone quite often might have been made of low-grade chewing gum, for all the strength to rule righteously that it actually imparted to the oath-makers. Since Athens, we have merely recorded passage of years; not much growth of the human sense of the ridiculous.

Abolish the mockery of the oath of office. Instead, require each Congressman to hold up his hand, and say: "I'll bet \$10,000 that I will act in accordance with the Constitution while in the performance of my official duties."

The barbarous Tungu swears as piously as the celestial Nordic, but the Tungu means it and believes in it. He swears: "May I lose my children and my cattle if what I say here is not true." The Tungu brave then testifies, and the court waits two weeks to see what happens. If the cattle and offspring of the witness are still alive at the end of that time it is taken as a demonstrated fact that the witness told the truth. The Tungu does not suspect for a moment that the gods of the tribe would have permitted the herd and brood of the witness to have remained intact, had his testimony been false. There is faith. We Nordics swear and call upon God to punish us if we lie, but we do not mean it. The state doesn't leave the punishment to God. The perjury statute is kept in reserve, in case God neglects punishment.

Apply the compulsory placing of a substantial wager as a guarantee of truthfulness of witnesses and to the guarantee of honesty in office-holders, and there will be a new sense of honor developed in this land. Americans like to bet. Let them apply their gambling instinct to the affairs of court and office, and we shall have in this country a sense of honor in public affairs comparable at least to that which exists in all gambling confraternities.

Russia's Marriage-and-Divorce Code

Condensed from *Liberty* (April 2, '27)

Elias Tobenkin

IN a registration office in Moscow, I was witness to the following incident, one of a dozen in the course of a single forenoon: A young couple entered and stepped over to the divorce clerk, a girl of 22 or 23. They handed her their identification papers.

"You were married a little over a year—there is no child?"

"No child," husband and wife answered in one voice.

"What name do you wish to go by in the future?" the divorce clerk asked the wife.

"My maiden name," was the reply.

The clerk crossed out a line in a ledger, scribbled something on the woman's document, then on the man's, stamped them, and handed them over to their owners.

"That's all. You're divorced," the girl dismissing them.

Canonical marriage, which was the only marriage valid under the czars, has been divested of all legal status by the Bolshevik authorities, and the family institution is declared a social contract pure and simple. The old Russian wedding ceremonials, steeped in religious mysticism and adorned with church pageantry, have largely fallen into disuse.

Divorce is new—the newest thing in the life of the Slav individual. From remotest hamlets to up-to-date capitals, Russians are astir over the new freedom that has come into their personal relations.

While the government registration office alone has the power to under the wedded state of a couple, official registration of marriage is not essential. If a man and a woman set up housekeeping together with the under-

standing that this means marriage, they are married, whether they have registered their union with the government marriage office or not. Their announcement to their friends or neighbors that they are husband and wife is sufficient to make their union legal, binding, and respectable.

A pagan freedom and a directness bordering on the primitive have chiefly characterized the relations between the sexes in Soviet Russia since the revolution. "They have come together," is the colloquial way of announcing a wedding.

Early marriages are widespread. A boy of 18 and a girl of 16 may marry without consulting anyone, and they do. Economic, financial, or social considerations, which elsewhere might tend to keep boys and girls of such ages from thinking seriously of marriage do not operate in Russia. The years of revolution have taught people to skeletonize their wants. A roof over one's head, bread to eat, and a garment to protect one from the cold—and one's needs are reasonably satisfied.

The young people meet on a winter evening in one of the numerous Soviet clubhouses. In the summer they go for hikes on Sundays, or picnic in the fields. Friendship ripens quickly. In accord with Soviet regulations, every adult is entitled to 16 square yards of living space. If the youth in question happens to have a room to himself, he will, after three or four Sundays of courting, ask the girl to visit him some evening.

If she promises to come, he adorns his little room with flowers, and buys a volume of love lyrics for his table. A day or two after such a visit the girl generally moves her belongings to

the boy's room, unless she happens to be in possession of a larger room, in which case he carries his things to hers. If either one of the pair happens to be a stickler for "correctness," they will run into the registration office some time within the month and give official status of their relationship.

One Sunday a park in Moscow was thronged with youths and maidens. A band of girls, strolling arm in arm, were singing Moscow's latest music-hall airs. The airs concerned the marriage situation in Russia. One stanza, which the girls sang over and over, freely translated, ran like this:

Since divorce came into fashion
My husband is angelic;
No more lashings, no more blow—
His fist's become a relic.

Under the old regime, a wife had no rights. She was a chattel of her husband. Under the Soviet constitution, man and wife are equal—in politics, in industry, in the home.

No grounds need be given in applying for a divorce. The sole concern of the state is with the children of the pair, if there are any. If the parents have reached a satisfactory understanding with regard to the children, a divorce is granted them in less time than it takes to buy a ticket from New York to Kansas City.

"We have no understanding of the term illegitimate as applied to children," a woman judge told me in Moscow. When a woman comes to register the birth of a child, she is asked the name of the child's father. The man, whether he be single or married, is the legal father of the child and is made responsible for its upkeep, unless he can prove it is not his. If there is any disgrace in the situation, it rests entirely upon the shoulders of the man and not on those of the child or its mother. Government homes for children are crowded.

An integral—and woeful—part of the marriage-and-divorce tangle in Russia is birth control. The Soviet

government sponsors birth control with every medical and surgical advice known. With quacks and midwives frequently taking the place of legitimate surgeons, thousands of girls throughout Russia, to quote a high Soviet medical authority, are "being systematically crippled."

Thousands of young women who had been married to elderly generals, or to civilians of wealth, have left their husbands and married younger men. Many of Moscow's belles change their husbands with the seasons. There is also a large class of middle-aged and even elderly husbands who have sent their wives out into the world, while they married younger women.

Throughout Russia there were heard during 1925, 90,000 alimony cases in which men sued as delinquent husbands or fathers denied that such a relationship existed. In some cases women claimed certain men to be the fathers of their children, when government records showed the individuals in question to have been at the other end of Russia at the time they were alleged to have courted and married the women suing them.

There have been complaints against the abuse but not against the character of the marriage and divorce laws. The government authorities have decided to leave the solution of the more vexing problems arising from these laws to time and to the Russian population. And the women are solving these problems for themselves.

Something in the nature of an organized boycott is actually taking place from one end of Russia to the other. The man who is "unfair" to a woman is boycotted. You may marry a girl, find that you are not suited—and divorce. There is neither dishonesty nor stigma attached to this. But to tell a girl that you will marry her, to gain her confidence, and then to desert her—that is coming to be considered a wrong done to the entire sex. A boy guilty of such conduct becomes a social outcast and no girl who knows of his act will marry him.

"Hello, London—New York Calling"

Condensed from the Scientific American (April, '27)

Orrin E. Dunlap, Jr.

"HELLO, London, New York is calling." These words wafted across the sea on January 7, 1927, over an invisible "talk-bridge," officially opened a telephonic service between the Old and the New Worlds, and the public mind was captivated by another radio achievement.

When the international circuit was closed after its first day of operation, scores had chatted back and forth across the ocean with no more effort than is necessary in talking from a coin box on Broadway to an apartment on Manhattan Island. Wall Street houses talked with London regarding foreign exchange quotations and more than \$6,000,000 worth of transactions were effected through the air without confusion or delay. It was a big day for radio and the new system was heralded by the press as "the most remarkable communication service yet devised by man."

Shortly after the official opening, at 8:30 o'clock that same morning, Walter S. Gifford, President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co., lifted the receiver from his desk telephone and within a minute or two, he was talking with Sir G. Evelyn P. Murray, Secretary of the British Post Office, over a circuit made up of 6300 miles of ether and 850 miles of telephone line. Then private conversations began to flow across the "talk-bridge" at a cost of \$75 for three minutes and \$25 for each additional minute.

Now the "gates" of the "bridge" are opened for traffic each morning at 8:30 o'clock and close at 1:20 p. m., Eastern Standard Time. Thus the first half of the business day is finished in England when the service opens, and it is half gone in the metropolis of the New World when the service closes. This limitation of the

service is not only imposed by the differences in time, but transmission becomes less reliable when it is dark on one side of the sea and daylight on the other. When the sunrise and sunset walls creep out across the Atlantic from the European shores they act as huge international curtains, which cause radio waves to fade, swing, and weaken.

Suppose you are in New York and you wish to talk with a friend in London. You may be interested to know what happens from the time you lift the receiver from the hook until the person in London hears his telephone bell ring to announce that you are on the air and on the line.

You ask for "long distance" just as you would if calling Chicago or San Francisco, and the toll operator connects you with the western terminal of the transatlantic circuit located in the long-distance headquarters of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co., at 24 Walker St., New York City. From that point the voice is relayed over 70 miles of telephone wire to Rocky Point, Long Island, the western gateway to the invisible "bridge." A powerful vacuum-tube transmitter gives the words impetus sufficient to hurl them across the 3000 miles of water to Wroughton, England, where a receiving antenna plucks the voice from the air and forwards the electrical impulses over 90 miles of land wire to the British Post Office Building in London. From there a connection is made to the local telephone central office of the party desired and the bell rings to call him to the phone.

The operator tells him that New York is calling and within a minute or two, he hears you say "Hello," and if he is English he may answer, "Are you there?" From his telephone

mouthpiece the words are sent through the central exchange in London and then over 85 miles of wire line to Rugby, the eastern terminal of the "bridge." Thence his words are flashed across 2900 miles of space to Houlton, Me., from which point 600 miles of telephone wire carry the words to New York City and into your telephone receiver. You and your friend are then enjoying the use of an extensive installation costing more than \$5,000,000 and a system which represents years of research and the latest in radio developments.

Sensitive electric relays or one-way "doors," as they are called, play an important part in the circuit. When a New Yorker's voice leaves for Rocky Point, one relay is opened by the voice wave and another relay at Houlton, Me., is automatically closed to prevent the words broadcast from Long Island being picked up and creating a short-circuiting effect, which means that, without these relays, the New Yorker would hear his own words come back. In other words, he would be talking to himself. As the system is devised, when the New Yorker stops speaking, even if just to take a breath, or give the man at the other end a chance to answer, the two electrical "doors" function in reverse fashion so that the words from London reach the New Yorker, and the relay at Rocky Point prevents the voice of the Englishman from being rebroadcast at the American end. Similar one-way "doors" at the London terminal quickly switch from the incoming to the outgoing speech wave, opening and closing with such speed and facility that the conversation is uninterrupted and the speakers are unaware that these "doors" are swinging to and fro in the circuit.

The initial field trial which led to the present transatlantic telephone circuit was arranged in 1915 with Montauk Point, on the eastern tip of Long Island, as the transmitting site. The top of an office building in Wilmington, Delaware, was selected as the receiving station, because an antenna had already been erected there.

Voices broadcast from Montauk were picked up in Wilmington, 300 miles away. A telephone line was connected to the receiver, so that the engineers at the transmitting station could hear the voices come back. Furthermore, a speaker in Wilmington could talk into the telephone and hear his voice return by radio. This 500-mile circuit demonstrated not only that radio telephony was practical but that wire and radio could be operated in conjunction.

This was considered a good start, but the final goal was Europe! A new receiving site was selected, 800 miles south from Montauk Point. Here success was attained, but the voice was much weaker than it was at Wilmington.

The telephone repeater or amplifier was one of the developments that made the "talk-bridge" possible. The telephone repeater is likened unto the runner in a relay race, because its duty is to pick up the voice frequencies, give them renewed strength and send them along the wire to the next repeater station. Three of these repeaters are used along the line which brings the British voices down from Houlton, Me., to Manhattan Island.

Engineers directed their attention to developing a more powerful transmitting tube. The next step was to install a complete radiophone transmitter at Arlington, Virginia. Listeners in Panama first reported reception of the voice; then San Francisco heard it; then Honolulu, 5000 miles distant, and finally in October, 1915, auditors at the Eiffel Tower in Paris cabled that they had caught the words, "and now, Shreeve, good night." The engineers were convinced that, with the development of still more powerful vacuum tubes, the "talk-bridge" would be a reality.

On that occasion a unit of 500 vacuum tubes was used to set the ether in vibration. Today, water-cooled tubes are employed which are many times more powerful than the tubes used 12 years ago. In fact the "talk-bridge" uses about 100 times more power than the apparatus of 1915.

Business Has Wings—2

Condensed from the Atlantic Monthly (March, '27)

Earnest Elmo Calkins

WE live in a business world that has become almost fluid. The public reveals an amazing willingness to adopt anything, and what makes this tendency formidable in the conduct of business, is the speed and unanimity with which the new ideas are adopted. Advertising is responsible for both the speed and the unanimity.

Have you noticed the pictures of the new heaters, being tended by Paterfamilias in full dress and white gloves? As the advertisements say, "The cellar has a future," adding to the rooms of the house.

The industrial chemist assures us that we are coming to artificial anthracite, and motor spirit from coal. Meanwhile, with the arrival of the oil burner, the coal wagon disappears in the offing following the ice wagon over the hill to oblivion.

Bread making, a staple home industry, for generations the standard test of the ability of the housewife, has suddenly shifted to the chain bakers. Flour millers who spent half a century in making their brands household words find themselves with all this good will thrown back on their hands, of small value in the new market where their flours must now be sold. Fifteen men, the purchasing agents of the great chains, now buy some 60 percent of the flour, and they buy, not on the reputation of an advertised brand, but by chemical tests and price. At least one large flour-milling company has adopted good-will advertising: urging the public to buy baker's bread, in the hope that the baker will be grateful for the help to the extent of using that miller's flour.

The manufacturer, no matter how basic his product, can no longer settle down and let things take their course. He must sleep like a fireman, ready to dash out at a moment's notice.

The silk manufacturers are all watching rayon, the new fabric made from cotton. The telephone company has led the van in experiments with radio, anticipating each new discovery. What if some development should render fifty thousand miles of wire and poles so much scrap? The Victor Company, threatened by radio, made a magnificent readjustment by developing a greatly improved instrument, on a new principle. The safety razor has made us a nation of self-shavers, and the soap has seen four successive reincarnations: cake, stick, powder, and cream. Think of the upheaval if the nation should let its beards grow.

Hand-to-mouth buying was an emergency practice adopted during the deflation period after the war. Retailers bought only enough goods for immediate needs, to avoid being caught by falling prices. Today this has won its place as sound merchandising. The dealer now carries less stock, buys shortly before he sells, in smaller quantities, and eliminates the goods which used to stand in the old-fashioned store until they had become veritable antiques. Production and consumption are brought closer together. The time between factory and home is shortened. The manufacturer is in position to learn quickly what his customer wants and act promptly on what he learns.

A glance should be given to the men who hold the purse strings. Behind business is the banker who furnishes the money to finance it. For years the banker thought of business in terms of production: factories, equipment, physical property. He would not loan money to buy advertising. Along came installment selling, and the banker is now financing consumption, willy-nilly. So he is forced to take an interest in advertising, by which consumption is maintained. When bankers become receivers of a

business, they no longer lop off the advertising expenditure as a necessary retrenchment.

This contact with advertising is humanizing the banks. Bankers learn from manufacturers something more than the value of advertising. They have come out from behind their marble counters and bronze grilles with a new conception of what a bank may be to a community. They have found there is no loss of dignity in telling people in words they can understand that a bank is just as useful and friendly an institution as a department store. They are trading in that most tangible of assets, good will.

These are some of the new forces the advertising man sees when he looks at his world. To the ordinary man-sized job of selling an established product, have been added two other problems: what to do with a product when its established market dries up, and how to present to the public a new idea the acceptance of which demands sloughing off old groups of habits and acquiring a new set in their stead, as the housewife is being weaned from lard to a shortening that is both liquid and vegetable.

The fluid condition of business, the possibilities it offers to new combinations, the promptness with which the public accepts and applies everything offered to it, from filling stations to nonfiction books, invite and tempt the new type of advertising man. No wonder all the sad young men are deserting literature to become advertising experts.

Consider the discussion that has gone on for years about those periods of depression known as hard times. It was believed that business moved in cycles, and that they were inevitable. Yet it has been realized for a long time that such periods are due to states of mind, when for some mysterious reason everyone becomes apprehensive, stops buying, ceases to act as one who believes in the continuance of prosperity. Weak businesses fail, and everybody gives and receives the impression that business is not good—and it is not.

Today the most pessimistic cannot ignore the signs of prosperity. The business world is saying, "Every day and in every way business is growing better," and paying to say it. Manufacturers are spending millions in advertising. These are causes rather than effects. They are guarantees that prosperity will be produced. We have realized at last that prosperity is not merely wealth, or goods, or high wages. It is money in action, exchanged for goods. Securing prosperity by advertising for it is at least as certain as securing any other concerted action by the same means. When everybody is pessimistic, business is bad. When everybody is optimistic, business is good. Business continues to be good as long as people think it is. If they can be made to continue to think it is, business cycles can be as obsolete as bicycles.

The new manufacturer will find the advertising man armed for the new adventure of business. Far from being dismayed by the changing aspects of industrial life, he realizes that the commercial world has become the field of high enterprise. The necessary work of making and selling things is acquiring a glamor of romance.

Each age has had its appropriate method of seeking adventure. Business is today the profession. It offers something of the glory that in the past was given to the crusader, the soldier, the courtier, the explorer, and sometimes the martyr—the test of wits, of brain, of quick thinking, the spirit of adventure, and especially the glory of personal achievement. Making money is not the chief spur to such men as du Pont, Chrysler, Durant, Filene, Hoover, Heinz, Eastman, Curtis, Gary, Ford, Grace. Money to them is no more than the guerdon. They engage in business, and in the business they engage in, because there are no longer any long, slimy, green dragons holding captive maidens in durance vile, no holy sepulchres to be reft from the infidel, no Pacifics to be viewed for the first time. Business is today the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

Where Romance Begins

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post (March 12, '27)

Floyd W. Parsons

YESTERDAY is as much like the present as the Indian's smoke signal is like a radio flash to a ship at sea. Westinghouse was rebuffed, Edison jeered at, Robert Fulton ridiculed, and Goodyear had to become a showman and wear India-rubber clothes to prove his point. But no longer is the scientist classed as a dreamer, for his present achievements in industry represent the most startling happenings in all history. He has made it possible to produce radio dials from the hulls of oats, buttons from corncobs, poker chips from cheese, and umbrella handles from milk. A dozen new synthetic products in the past two years have revolutionized basic industries.

Atmospheric condition is the vital factor in textile manufacture. When dry, the fibers get brittle and break, but when placed in air of the proper humidity they twist in such a way as to lock themselves securely when drawn into a yarn. With this knowledge, the engineers succeeded in producing indoors any climate that might be desired. As a result, the South is building up its own textile industry.

Glass manufacturing is on the edge of a revolution. One new variety of glass will bounce like a rubber ball, and another can be pierced but will not shatter under the impact of a bullet. Science had no more than pointed out that window glass shuts out the highly healthful ultra violet rays of the sun, before research solved the problem,—first with expensive fused quartz, and then by a glass moderate in price, admitting 40 percent of the vital rays. Another new glass, used in temporary buildings, can be cut with shears or rolled up like a piece of linoleum.

Sugar manufacturing is also undergoing a great change. Cane sugar

found a competitor in beet sugar. Now comes sugar from corn and other sources. Meanwhile the Bureau of Standards predicts, within four or five years, sugar from artichokes at two cents a pound. These artichokes are not the fancy kind, but are weeds of the aster family. The sugar from this plant has several times the sweetening power of the present product. Since artichokes are hardy, the sugar mills could save millions by operating a much longer season.

Science is giving thought to food supplies. Artificial fogs, developed a few years ago for military purposes, are now used in Norway to protect crops from frost. The vapor blanket prevents freezing. Milk-tank cars are replacing cans. The cars are lined with glass, insulated and contain a refrigerating system. A new machine cleans grain by vacuum. A crop-drying machine has cut the time of the drying process from two days with sun drying to one hour with this apparatus, eliminating the weather factor in hay drying. Electric pumps with heating appliances attached are increasing the yield of milk. When water is too cold the cows drink too little. One farmer who remedied the situation reported an increase of 300 pounds of milk from 17 cows. A new method of electric sterilizing applied to the preservation of orange juice may save hundreds of thousands of dollars for the citrus packers.

Plant grafting is making such amazing progress that many farm products are sure to undergo a radical change. So skillful has the plant specialist become that he can produce a hybrid growing tomatoes on its branches and potatoes on its roots. Prof. Lucien Daniel, of Rennes, France, has accomplished this feat many times. In

Maine a clever German is coloring trees to order with indelible dyes.

Salmon fishing is of national importance. When ready to spawn, these fish always return to the stream in which they were born. Power developments on Northwestern rivers render it increasingly difficult for the fish to ascend the streams. Engineers have devised mechanical elevators to help the fish. In some places four lifts are made in an hour, and the crowded elevators testify to the appreciation of the service.

Machines are being created that do everything but think. The latest Diesel engine operates on a two-cycle, double-acting principle, delivering power on the upstroke as well as on the downstroke, giving the equivalent of eight cylinders in the space of four. This means a radical reduction in size and weight of engines—a matter of vital importance in many fields.

A few years ago no theater had an air-cooling system. People now leave their homes and go to the theater to keep cool. A summer liability has been turned into an asset. . . Games like hockey can be played in mid-summer in great amusement palaces such as the Madison Square Garden in New York. Six hours later people may be dancing on the same floor where the hockey was played.

The most amazing of recent wonders is television—radio sight over land and sea. The telephotograph, already in use, projects a still picture by radio. The television, even in its present early stage, operates 20,000 times as fast as the other apparatus, thereby making possible the projection of a series of still views which combine to give us a radio motion picture. This brings us closer to the time when we shall have moving pictures in our homes. Historical functions the world over will be on view instantly in millions of homes in distant countries.

Anton Flettner's fuelless rotor ship has shown that wealth lies in howling winds. It may be sooner than we

expect when we shall see forests of wind machines in fuelless regions to supply power and light.

The motion picture is coming rapidly into use as an invaluable aid in teaching surgery and dentistry. It now becomes possible to preserve for future generations the technic of specialists of this age. . . Such experiments as that of the Rockefeller Institute in keeping part of a chicken's heart alive for 15 years may supply vital knowledge useful in extending human life.

Probably no devices that man has so far produced are more essential to progress than those which make it possible for us to record observations with accuracy. A contour-measuring projector will disclose an error of one-tenthousandth of an inch in the thread of a screw. An apparatus of the Weather Bureau will count the dust particles in a cubic foot of air. Its use has shown that country air contains 2000 dust motes, suburban air 30,000 and city air 115,000. The fellow who goes walking in some of our busy industrial communities takes in thousands of dust particles with every breath.

The rise of the curtain tomorrow promises to disclose huge energy factories pouring forth streams of electrons derived from sources not understood today. Realization of this truth has brought many to hope that the forces of the atom will not be unleashed until the present race has evolved sufficiently along ethical lines to make man morally fit to be the master of a power that might destroy an entire solar system if improperly used.

Truly it is a day when the word "impossible" must be canceled. Our future was established on the soundest kind of foundation when wise leaders of American business made organized scientific research a function of industry equal in importance to manufacturing. There is only disappointment ahead for any executive today who disagrees on this point.

Mexico in Quest of Salvation

Condensed from *The Century* (April, '27)

Fredrick Simpich

TODAY the baffling Mexican problem is Uncle Sam's favorite foreign nightmare.

The watchword of Mexico's new policy is "Mexico for the Mexicans." Back of all the so-called anti-foreign laws lurks a sort of economic fear. Mexico feels it keenly. She fears she may be unduly exploited for the benefit of foreign stockholders in alien lands. Though foreign-owned enterprises pay her millions in taxes, she complains that all the Mexican people get from the oil-fields and mines is a daily wage. So, although primarily an agricultural country, she seeks now—by anti-foreign laws, by fostering technical education and erecting tariff walls—to build up home industries, to conserve more of what nature gave her. It is sheer economic self-defense.

She is alarmed at being obliged to trade oil, minerals, hides, timber, for machine made goods—even for certain articles of food.

She sees foreign nations in rivalry over her markets, seeking to trade their own surplus manufactures for her raw materials. Trade history shows that in similar exchanges it is always the industrial nation which gets rich. Mexico knows this. Her economists also know that especially since the World War the greatest economic problem of the United States, and the factory lands of Europe, is to get rid of their surplus shop output—and that Latin-American markets form the big battleground.

The United States, for example, trading its machine made goods for Mexico's crude things, can pay for the crudes and still have profits enough left to invest more heavily in Mexican natural resources. Should Mexico permit this to continue indefinitely—say those Mexicans who pon-

der it—eventually foreigners will own most or all of that country's natural riches; and then, more even than today, the whole nation will live in the sweat of its brow.

All Mexicans do not object to foreign capital *per se*. On the contrary, many proclaim its usefulness. Without it, they admit, development must lag. But somehow—and they hope it can be done by some magic of anti-foreign laws—they strive to bring industry more under native control, and to keep a greater share of the profits at home. European capital is more welcome than ours, because Mexico—like every other Latin-American nation—fears economic conquest by the Colossus of the North.

In Mexico today, while the bulk of the farm land is owned by the natives, industry and big business are held by foreigners. Our own holdings in Mexico, it is said, are larger than in any other foreign country, outside of Canada. According to the most trustworthy figures at hand they may be worth close to \$1,300,000,000. In order of importance, somewhat like this:

Oil-fields and developments....	\$600,000,000
Mines and smelters	300,000,000
Railways	150,000,000
Ranches and plantations	115,000,000
Shares and bonds in public utilities	undetermined
Manufacturing	undetermined
Wholesale and retail stores, agencies, etc.	undetermined

No one denies the right of Mexico to pass anti-alien laws. Several of our States have similar legislation. The cause of the present controversy between Mexico and various embassies is that some provisions of these laws are said to be retroactive and confiscatory—injurious to the prior property rights of many foreigners. In time these differences may be adjusted and a fair way found, in part at least, to

reimburse foreigners for any loss. Certainly that is the present hope of diplomacy.

But what about the effect of these laws on Mexico herself? Can they aid in the permanent solution of her own grave economic problems? Can Mexico, without unhampered access to foreign money and the free use of foreign executive genius, develop her vast resources until her millions of workers can enjoy higher wages and the improved standard of living to which her labor-unions aspire?

Until now, the economic history of Mexico shows that virtually all her industrial growth has been due to foreign money and foreign management. Mexicans, pastoral by nature, easily succeed in cattle raising and plantation enterprises. But in handling large mining, oil, and railway enterprises, where close cooperation is imperative, the Mexican seems to lack something of constructive genius.

Most political leaders since the revolution, however, insist that with the rise of an intelligent proletarianism, Mexico can solve her own problems alone. This is the direct aim of her much discussed agrarian, labor, and educational policies.

Yet here the time element enters. The world's increasing quest for food-growing lands and maximum supplies of raw materials makes it unlikely that a few Mexicans can monopolize so big an area of rich earth, delaying its development in the face of growing world hunger. This does not mean that Mexico's sovereignty will be menaced; nor that any foreign government—especially the United States—will covet one inch of her soil. But it does point to the conclusion that white migration to Mexico under Mexican sovereignty will continue to increase.

Because of foreign influences, and the lessons of the revolution, vast social changes are sweeping over Mexico.

Labor has risen to conscious power. Labor laws recently passed, and new legislation now projected, give Mexican workers an unprecedented control over industry. One of the latest

demands of Mexican labor is that it shall have the right to audit the books of mine or factory, that it shall share in profits or receive bonuses above the maximum wages, and that 80 per cent of all the employees of every firm or corporation shall be Mexican citizens. This is a hard pill for foreign capital to swallow.

The result of Mexico's new educational policy is not less conspicuous. Since the revolution the quest for learning is earnest, determined, and nation-wide. For generations, to be sure, the sons of the rich have had their choice of many excellent seats of learning, such as the famed National University. But the policy of schooling for the masses, still 75 or 80 percent illiterate, is, Mexico declares, the big stride she must take to catch up with the world. Labor itself is back of the drive for more and better schools. Since improved agriculture—whereby the nation may finally avoid importing foodstuffs—is so great a need, particular attention is paid to farm schools. "Here one is taught to exploit the land and not men," says an inscription painted on the wall of the National Agricultural College at Chapingo.

Radio is sweeping Mexico. It is becoming a factor in education. During recent debates between government officials and Catholic leaders, on the church controversy, speeches of the debaters were broadcast throughout the republic. In the educational drive to reach the Indians, thousands of radio receiving-sets have been distributed among hill tribes; and, at regular intervals, lectures on farming, hut building, domestic science, the care of children are delivered to these Indians in their own dialects.

Long and steep as the road is which she must travel to gain a place in the family of nations, there is no doubt whatever that Mexico has resolutely set her face to the big hard job of saving herself. If happily she is spared some years of peace in which to carry on this work of mass education, she may go far toward economic and political rehabilitation. Meanwhile, more wear and tear on Uncle Sam.

Those Not-So-Good Old Days

Condensed from *The Nation's Business* (April, '27)

William Feather

JUST how good were the old days? Blazing fireplaces, tables loaded with huge joints of beef, cellars stocked with wines and liquors, larders bursting with preserved fruits, stables filled with spirited horses!

Good cheer, gay conversation, downright comfort! Isn't that the picture we have of life in the time of our great-great-grandfather? Some months ago Stuart Chase contributed an article to *The Nation* [See *The Reader's Digest*, October, 1926], in which he compared the situation in which he finds himself with that of his great-great-grandfather.

He asserted that the old man, living in Newburyport, Mass., in 1800 was better off than his great-great-grandson who is housed in a Manhattan apartment through the windows of which the sun rarely shines. The article compels wonder. Are we getting anywhere with our running water, sewage disposal, bathtubs, telephones, radio, automobiles, railroads, vacuum cleaners, self-winding clocks and automatic cigar lighters?

Much of our forefathers' misery has never been effectively recorded. In those days wives were expected to die off at forty and every other child succumbed within the first few months of its life. Most men were pretty well broken down at fifty. Citizens who enjoyed the comforts and luxuries suggested in the first paragraph were rare. I wonder if living conditions in the eighteenth century were as good as we sometimes suppose. In a recent article Dr. Woods Hutchinson remarks that our forefathers paid a penalty for the lack of sugar on their tables. Their bodies cried for sugar and certain vitamins, and in order to get these food elements they devoured huge platters of

coarse food. A single tomato or a head of lettuce or three teaspoonfuls of sugar might have ended the craving.

"Their (our forefathers') only carbohydrate balance was cannon-ball dumplings of coarse flour, loaded with chunks of fat, spices, and a few sour prunes, eagerly devoured under the name of plum pudding. Two wedges of this under a man's belt would act like a hand grenade. The whole avalanche was washed down with heady ale, and bottles of port and Burgundy by the half dozen. Small wonder that the father of the family awoke the morning after Christmas with a head like a concertina, and a grouch that made him long to cleave someone to the collarbone."

The roaring fire wasn't all cheer and happiness, either. The enjoyment of it must have been something like the pleasure of a long ride in a taxicab. As the clicking meter disturbs the passenger, so the blazing fire must have disturbed our jovial great-great-grandfather. Fortified with a half dozen glasses of punch, he probably threw on the logs recklessly, forgetful for the moment of the toil and sweat which the chopping of so much firewood entailed. But the truth is that our great-great-grandfathers avoided the drain on their energy and got along with as little fire as they could. They kept the windows of their houses tightly shut from late fall to spring. Fresh air was expensive, measured in the human toil required to warm it. An acre might be plowed in the time required to cut enough wood to keep a fireplace blazing a single day.

Consequently great-great-grandfather or his wife or children often died of lung trouble, due to lack of

fresh air, or from exposure, due to distastefully cold rooms.

Data on conditions in modern France are interesting. According to the Manchester Guardian, the birth rate in France is higher than in England. France's static population is due to a high death rate. They die young in France despite a most favorable climate. Why? Because the sanitation is medieval. In the rural districts landlords are allowed to let cottages with mud floors without water-closets or any water supply except a stagnant pond. Many Paris suburbs are still without a main drainage system, and houses are built over cess-pools, as is still the usual practice in all the rural districts. In view of the high death rate in France, I wonder if the American's pride in his bathroom is not entirely proper.

H. G. Wells, being a good realist despite his imagination, refuses to become the victim of romantic fancies about the good old days. In "The World of Henry Clissold," he labels the good old days a "Scholar's Fairyland," and then proceeds:

"For think of what those days were in reality, the life in fortresses and castles, the towns like criminal slums, the houses crowded together and locked and barred and fortified against each other, bodies unwashed and clad in coarse and dirty woollens as the finest wear, brutish communes here and reigns of terror there, gangs in possession, monasteries and nunneries illiterate and remote, sheer naked savagery in many districts, and mud-tracks through the unkempt woods between the towns, not a road except for some Roman highway in decay, not a bridge except by way of atonement from some powerful dying sinner, fierce dogs upon the countryside, hogs and stench in the streets of the cities, pestilence epidemic. Endless breeding of children there was, to fester and die for the most part before ever they grew to youth's estate."

That was life in the days when knighthood was in flower, when thick-walled, windowless cathedrals were built in every hamlet, when men wore

coats of armor and women wore girdles of chastity.

Getting back to great-great-grandfathers, I realize that there are millions in the United States now who are probably no better off than our forefathers were, as far as physical comforts go, but I wonder if anyone today leads as dull a life. Mud roads, snowdrifts, and horseback locomotion confined our forefathers to an extremely limited horizon. Circumstances in those days required vast inner resources for mental activity. Oppressive lonesomeness drove thousands insane.

The modern post office and telephone, and lately radio, have facilitated communication. The railroad and the automobile have dwarfed distance. Central water, light and gas systems have relieved us from endless drudgery. Furnaces have supplied us with warm, fresh air on the coldest days.

I look about me. There is a telephone from which I can talk to any city on this North American continent. On the wall is a thermostat which regulates my furnace and keeps the room at an even temperature of 70 degrees. A music cabinet contains selections by the greatest musicians in the world. Almost within arm's reach are several shelves of books filled with the most profound and beautifully expressed thoughts of the ages. For a few cents a day I have delivered to my home the news from the four corners of the world. Electricity does much of the routine work of the house. My children attend a school where they are given a better education than the sons of kings could command a century ago.

I enjoy all these things, and yet I am just an ordinary citizen. Tens of thousands have just as much as I—and more.

Were the good things of life ever so easily at the command of the ordinary man as they are today? To be perfectly frank, don't we all do a lot of grousing that we haven't any right to do?

Flying Surveyors

Condensed from Popular Science (April, '27)

H. A. Bruno

SIX thousand feet above Corning, Ia., two veteran airmen swept across the sky in an old plane, making a photographic air map of the countryside below. The camera was clicking off its exposures with monotonous regularity when suddenly, with a deafening blast, the big 400-horsepower motor backfired, igniting the gas-filled carburetor. Instantly the plane, and the men who rode it, were enveloped in flames.

Guerney, the pilot, turned for one grim glance at Russell, his companion; then with the instinct born of war experience, he threw the plane into a sideslip. It was the one desperate chance, he knew, to blow the flames to the side and away from their faces.

Downward they plunged, a ghastly torch from the heavens. Russell braced himself for the crash. Just when death loomed as inevitable, Guerney, with a last frantic effort, with his face already blistered by the terrific heat, flattened the plane out of its sideslip in time to make a landing in a clear field. The fiery thing bounced wildly along the ground, and as it came to a stop the pilot dove headlong through the flames and over the side. Scrambling to his feet, he looked for his comrade. What he saw was Russell struggling over the edge of the cockpit, his precious camera clutched tightly in his arms. A few moments later the machine was a smoldering skeleton.

But the next day they were back on the same job in another plane. That is the way of the aerial photographer and the photographic pilot, side partners in a remarkable new profession which is blazing trails, for the progress of industry and discovery. This thrilling episode of last Armistice Day simply typifies the unbeatable spirit, grit, and skill of men who today are

following the adventurous footsteps of pioneer surveyors of the past who plunged with rod and transit into unknown spaces, charted wildernesses, and wrote new frontiers on the maps.

Ten years ago the science of aerial photography was virtually unknown beyond the battle lines of the war, where it played a vital role. Today scores of eagle men are flying over the countryside with their remarkable cameras, some of them so high that while they make permanent records of your house and lot, they are completely lost to your sight from below.

By mapping entire cities from the air, they have revealed at a glance solutions to difficult problems of traffic and city planning. In the role of timber cruisers, they have surveyed and mapped thousands of square miles of forest lands, not only charting the locations of varieties of timber, but making possible an actual count of the standing trees.

They have aided in industrial planning, laid down the right-of-way for power lines, charted fire hazards, solved the tangle of railway terminals, charted golf courses, promoted real estate development. And finally, they have penetrated remote and unexplored regions, bringing to light vast resources of unused power and wealth.

The mapping of Greater New York from the sky was a remarkable achievement which required some 3000 miles of flight and embraced a territory of 625 square miles. In all, 2000 separate exposures were required to include the city's five boroughs. But when matched together to form a map, true to scale, the photographs portrayed in minute detail every building, thoroughfare, nook and corner of the great metropolis; even hurrying crowds and traffic congestion were plainly visible.

But of all the exploits of flying surveyors, few have surpassed the more recent adventures of the little group of Navy pilots and camera men who flew last summer over unexplored and forbidding fastnesses of Alaska, completing in three months a survey of Uncle Sam's last frontier that otherwise might have required ten years of struggle through all but impassable wilderness.

To the blinking eye of the camera Alaska's rich storehouses gave up new secrets. The Navy flyers, establishing supply bases far north, ventured in two camera planes out over unpenetrated forests and rugged mountain ranges. They carried on the survey with incredible speed. Equipped with ingenious three-lens cameras, they were able in one hour to map a strip seven miles wide and 100 miles long, or 700 square miles. They discovered hundreds of new lakes and rivers, many of them sources of immense power to turn the wheels of industry in the Far North. They found millions of acres of priceless timber, and they proved the practicability of aircraft for the most difficult kind of surveying and exploration.

Aerial photography calls for perfect teamwork between pilot and camera man. The pilot must guide his plane back and forth along imaginary parallel lines or "strips" over the entire area. A long roll of photographic film is exposed automatically, producing a succession of photographs. The procedure is the reverse of that for a motion picture: the camera moves, while the objects are stationary. Since all photographs must obviously be to the same scale, the pilot must keep his ship always at the same altitude—no mean task when you consider that the air is full of invisible bumps and pockets. Moreover, to keep to his imaginary line in a cross-wind, he sometimes must "crab" along with the plane pointing in an entirely different direction. Add to that the job of constantly checking his instrument dials and gages, guarding against rocking and pitching,

maintaining a constant speed, and at the same time craning his neck over the cock-pit to get his bearings, and you'll see that almost any other kind of driving is child's play in comparison. As one photo pilot expressed it: "If you really want to know what it's like, try walking sideways on stilts along a crack in the floor, while viewing the crack through the small lenses of binoculars!"

In the routine of their work the aerial map makers have come upon more than one astonishing discovery. A short time ago photographers flying over Connecticut succeeded in lowering the tax rate in five towns by discovering "lost property" which had escaped the tax assessors' list: houses, barns and other buildings on which no taxes had been levied. In one town the aerial survey revealed 1896 buildings, including 248 stores on the main street, which had gone tax free.

Another strange discovery remains an unsolved mystery. Aerial photographs disclosed two submarines lying beneath the waters of the Hudson river, near New York. No U. S. submarines were operating in that vicinity. Naval officers who studied the photographs, however, were positive that the forms which the photographs revealed were undersea craft. How they got there no one could guess. The only possible answer seemed to be, rum-runner's craft. Government rum chasers sped up the Hudson to the spot indicated, but the undersea forms had vanished without a trace.

Courage and resourcefulness, quick wit and scientific accuracy are demanded of the men who follow this fascinating new profession. Yet none of them are foolhardy adventurers. To them the science of mapping the earth from the sky is a real man's job.

This summer, undoubtedly, there will be trans-Atlantic flights; perhaps a flight around the world. Certainly more expeditions into the Far North. And you may be sure that plenty of camera men will be applying for places in every one of these expeditions.

Booze Warfare in Chicago

Condensed from the *Cosmopolitan* (April, '27)

Patricia Dougherty

FOR two years I have "covered" Chicago's gang wars for the *Herald-Tribune*. In those two years 102 booze gangsters have been killed. It is a story so fantastic, so un-American that even as I write it I wonder if I've really seen all the things that I know to be true.

I have seen the police of this city of three million made powerless and useless by the terror and graft of these gangs. I have seen motor-cycle policemen come to a gangster's rooms for their reward for safely escorting a caravan of beer trucks. I have heard certain gang leaders declare new wars and I have delivered pleas for peace from others. I have seen gangs grow rich beyond their wildest dreams. When one of the North Side crowd was thrown from his horse in Lincoln Park and killed he left more than a million dollars—his share of the profits in supplying Chicago with liquid refreshment for a brief 18 months.

One day in November, 1924, Dion O'Banion was busy in his florist shop—which he owned as a camouflage for his gang's bootleg business—when three men walked in. One of them shook hands with O'Banion and held his outstretched hand while the other two shot him. O'Banion fell dead and Chicago's gang war was on.

During 1925 and 1926 the rival gang leaders, Al Capone and Hymie Weiss, were surrounded day and night by armed guards. Every few days there would be an unsuccessful attack upon one or the other of them.

The rank and file were not so fortunate. Hardly a week passed that some saloon-keeper or minor member of one or another gang was not shot by men passing in a big car, or found dead on a lonely road.

"Taking a man for a ride" became

the popular method of disposing of enemies. The victim would be lured into an automobile by a friend or kidnapped while walking on the street, carried out to the city limits, shot and often tortured inhumanly. Almost a hundred men "went for a ride" in 18 months and only a few were arrested, and not a single one convicted—so safe was this method of killing.

Once when Capone was being driven home to see his family—his car preceded by three limousines loaded with his own men and followed by two more—a car filled with North Side men cut in front of his car at a traffic stop-sign and emptied a machine gun into his car. The car was riddled with bullets, but he was not even scratched.

One day a car containing Weiss, with four men whom Capone had always considered loyal to him, drove into the suburban town of Cicero and opened fire upon the car in which Capone was driving. He escaped. The next Tuesday his scouts reported that the same five men were again in Cicero. A few minutes later a car sped out to meet them, and three of the five were soon dead. When the bodies were identified one was found to be not Hymie Weiss but Assistant State's Attorney McSwiggan—killed because he was mistaken for the North Side chief.

"I paid McSwiggan and I paid him plenty and I got what I was paying for," Capone told me later. "Of course, I didn't kill him. Why should I? I liked the kid. Only the day before he got killed he was up to my place and I gave him a bottle of Scotch for his old man."

Angered at the failure to "get" Capone, the North Side crowd took Capone's chauffeur "for a ride." He was tortured brutally, shot to death and

his body thrown into a cistern on a lonely road.

A few days later when Weiss, leader of the North Siders, with Drucel, his first lieutenant, and their adviser—a man connected with the State's Attorney's office—were driving on Michigan Avenue, a car drove up and two men fired into their midst.

The next day at noon, 11 limousines drove slowly past the Hawthorne Inn in Cicero and laid down a sheet of machine-gun fire that peppered the old wooden building. Capone was sitting at a front table in the restaurant but not one of the hundreds of bullets touched him. Others were wounded.

About this time, Weiss was busy aiding the defense of Joe Saltis, his South Side chief, being tried for murder. After the first day in court, Saltis's lawyer, W. W. O'Brien, and one of his men, drove to the florist shop (where O'Banion had been killed) for a conference with Weiss. Weiss and his body-guard arrived in another car simultaneously. As the men started to enter the florist shop a machine gun began its rat-tat-tat from the second-story window of the house next door. Weiss, O'Brien, and his assistant were all riddled with bullets and fell dead. The fourth man escaped a similar fate by dropping at the first shot, being hit only once in the foot. A closed car drove slowly past the spot and a machine gun sent another stream of fire into the dead Hymie Weiss.

It was a fear-stricken Cicero that I entered three hours later on a visit to Al Capone, king of the rival gang. The most spectacular killing in all Chicago's bloody feud was looked upon as a signal for swift and terrible vengeance.

"Weiss might have been alive to-night," said Capone, "but he wouldn't listen to me. I told him I wanted peace and he wouldn't take it. Instead, he came out here and shot up the town—and today he got killed. Now if any of his mob that's left wants to make peace with me, I'm still ready. Tell them that, will you?"

I told them. In the strangest interview I ever wrote, I told the North Side crowd that Capone was giving them their last chance. That he didn't want to die. That he believed there was enough beer business for all of them and that if the killings kept up, the "business" that he, and they, had worked and fought for would be left to other hands while they lay in morgues and their families wept.

After Weiss was buried, they accepted this offer. A meeting was arranged between Capone and the North and South Side leaders. Incidentally, a captain of police acted as sergeant of arms and held the guns during the conference. And when it was over the bootleg chiefs shook hands.

"We agreed that from now on whenever anything comes up that makes us mad, we'll call up the other fellow and talk it over," Capone told me a few minutes later. "They're going to stay on the North Side and I'm going to stay in Cicero, and if we meet on the street, we shake hands and say hello."

The only fear—except each other—that these men know is the Federal Government: they feel that they have enough friends to make the city, county and state theirs. Their contempt is colossal.

"There's one thing worse than a crook, and that's a crooked man in a big political job," Capone said to me. "A man that pretends he's enforcing the law and is really making dough out of somebody breaking it."

So the merry game goes on. The profits of the dirty business are staggering.

"Thirty millions a year is paid for protection in Chicago alone," Federal District Attorney Olsen said in his final report to Washington. "The bootleggers did \$100,000,000 worth of booze and vice business last year and canceled checks and other evidence prove that \$28,000 and \$30,000 checks made payable to public officials and fixers were a common thing."

(Continued from inside front cover)

Tourist third-class accommodations fall into three categories. The cheapest of these is by way of the smaller, slower boats; for example (to choose but two of a score), the *Rochambeau* of the French line and the *Republic* of the U. S. Line. A round-trip ticket on one of these costs from \$170 up. They take from eight to ten days for the crossing.

The express-liners make the crossing in five or six days; are larger and less inclined to toss about (though their gentle wallow is far more likely to make you sick than no end of pitching), and cost perhaps, on an average, \$10 more on the round-trip ticket. Such ships are the *Leviathan*, the *Majestic*, the *Berengaria*, and the *Olympic*—to mention but a few. They will cost you about \$6 or \$7 more on the one-way trip, and I think they are worth it. I should rather spend my three days in France than on the most luxurious liner.

But despite this fact, the third category of tourist travel seems to me the best of the three. Such boats as the *Minnekahda* of the Atlantic Transport Line and the *Winifredian* and *Devonian* of the Leyland Line offer accommodations very similar to those of the smaller cabin-class liners, and at tourist third rates. You have the run of the ship, more deck-room, and an almost priceless feeling of respectability, all for about \$100 one way, and less than \$200 round trip. The crossing takes nine days or so.

About half of the transatlantic liners are now cabin-class boats. These offer, for various sums ranging from \$130 to \$160, service and accommodations that are practically first class, and quite good enough for any one who does not demand the last word in luxury.

In second class you have not the run of the ship, as on a cabin-class liner; the food and service are no better, and the crowd is incomparably worse. I should, a dozen times over, rather go tourist third than second.

The American Merchant Line is the only one, so far as I know, with freight-boats which habitually carry

passengers. It has a sailing of a 9000-ton vessel every Thursday to London. The accommodations are slightly better than on the *Minnekahda* type of tourist third-class boat, there being more room for the limited number of passengers. And there are no steadier boats than these freighters, which make London in nine days. For a berth in an outside cabin you pay only \$100—a big bargain.

Remember that steamship fares never include the Government tax of \$5. Most schedules for tipping to be found in guide-books are for a first-class crossing. In tourist third your tips would run about as follows: Dining-room steward (waiter), \$2; room steward, \$2; deck steward (if you have a deck-chair), 50c or \$1; bath steward, \$1; smoke-room steward, about 50c. Altogether about \$6. Steamer-chairs usually cost \$1.50 each way, and rugs as much more. They add to your comfort, but neither is necessary.

You can't get on the boat without a passport. Make application, three weeks before sailing, to the Passport Bureau, Treasury Bldg., N. Y. C., or to the nearest County Clerk's office, and bring with you a witness, your birth-certificate (advisable but not essential) and two "passport photos" which bear no resemblance to you.

A passport costs \$10 and is good for two years. In the case of a man and wife or family traveling together, considerable saving may be effected, both of passports and visés, by getting a joint passport, which costs the same amount. . . Visés are also necessary for practically all European countries, except, at present, Belgium or Switzerland. These may be secured from any foreign consulate of the given country, either in America or abroad, and before sailing you are required to have only the visé of the country where you intend to land. At present the German visé is free, the Spanish \$2.50, the Greek \$6, and practically all the others \$10.

The only thing which offers any relief from this drain on your pocket-book is the transit visé. These cost but \$1, and while, if interpreted lit-

erally, they entitle the bearer only to pass through a country "in direct transit" for some other place, are usually good for a reasonable length of time up to a fortnight or so.

If you are planning to travel cheaply, there is nothing so essential as hotel guide-books. Accurate ones are published by the National Chamber of Commerce and the Hotel-Keepers' Association. It is well to remember that the cost of living follows the general trend of exchange, but to the American, with his dollar, it remains practically the same.

The less baggage you take, the happier you will be. If you should need an extra shirt or a pair of shoes, remember there are stores in Europe. Trunks are a constant burden and expense. You wait for them at every frontier, pay extra for them in several countries, and waste more time and money on them than they are worth.

Carry your money in traveler's checks. They are easier to cash than a letter of credit, and for sums up to \$1000 just as safe. Get various denominations, but nothing less than \$20. Ten dollars is just enough to leave you stranded between cities.

There is nothing that will add more to the pleasure of a European trip than the reading of a few books on the countries you intend to visit, on their art, their history, and their customs.

The minimum, rock-bottom budget for a ten-weeks' trip covering France and Italy, would be something like this: First, the trip. Allow 9 days each way for the crossing, 27 days for France, 25 days for Italy, as follows: Paris, 10 days; Provence, 5 days; the Riviera, 7 days; Normandy, 5 days; Rome, 7 days; Florence, 7 days; Venice, 5 days, Sienna and Lake Como, each 2 days, Pisa and Milan, each 1 day.

Crossing (round trip, tourist third class, including tax, to Cherbourg) \$180
Steamer expense (tips both ways, chairs, etc.) 18
Passport and 2 visas 30
Living and short-trip travel—52 days at \$2 104

Long-trip travel (Milan-Paris, Paris-Cherbourg, Paris-Avignon) 19
Necessary extras (add 25 percent of the living expenses) 26
\$377

You can't spend \$10 or \$15 in one day for transportation and expect to squeeze that into a \$2-a-day budget. But you can travel leisurely, walking part of the time, riding part of the time, stopping here and there, covering on an average not much more than 30 or 40 miles a day; you can do that on \$2 a day.

In the table that follows is shown a day's budget for France, outside of Paris, and for French North Africa. Naturally, if you get a maximum room you have to eat a minimum dinner, etc. Two people traveling together can save from 10 to 15 per cent on lodging.

Item	Average
Room	\$.32
Breakfast07
Lunch26
Dinner37
Tips, etc.12
Extras, postage, etc.15
Laundry, baths, etc.15

Average expense per day ...\$1.44

In Paris, the rooms cost more but no allowance need be made for travel. In Italy, the *pensione* makes travel inexpensive. A day's budget in, for example, Sienna: *Pensione*, \$1.02; tips, baths and laundry, .30; extras, .17; total, \$1.49.

Fifty dollars spent for unnecessary extras will give you more pleasure than the same amount spent anywhere else. Among the best extras in Europe are: the P. L. M. auto-excursion by the Route des Alpes, the American Express auto-trip across the desert, and the airplane-trip from Nice to Corsica.

Last of all, there is one thing more important than any of these, and that is—going abroad in the right spirit. If you prefer comfort to romance, don't go to Europe, for you will never be as comfortable as you are at home. So remember, wherever you are in Europe, that you are having a great adventure.

Motion Pictures and Their Censors

Condensed from *The Review of Reviews* (April, '27)

Will H. Hays

FEW things in the fabric of our life exert the same influence as the screen, the chief amusement of the majority and the sole amusement of the millions. The producers recognize a very definite obligation to learn what the people want, and to provide it.

But motion pictures are not dead things, to be regulated like freight and food. It is unjust to compare the demand for censorship of films with the regulation of foodstuffs, on the deleterious substances of which no two minds differ after science has given its verdict.

Motion pictures contain a potency of life. They are evidences of human thought; and human thought, on which all progress depends, can not be tampered with safely. History shows that when we attempt it we come to bigotry and prejudice. As John Milton, in "Areopagitica," told the lords of England: "Liberty is the nurse of all wits. It has enfranchised, enlarged, and lifted up our apprehensions, by degrees, above themselves."

To release the product of one's brain only after it has been strained through the sieve of a censor is a discouragement and an affront to conscientious men. The founders of our republic recognized this when they guaranteed to all men freedom of speech, of assemblage, of conscience. And motion pictures are but visualized speech and thought.

The tendency to censor motion pictures reached a climax in 1921. Seven States had passed censorship laws. It became apparent that continued aggression, with conflicting laws and no set standards, would ultimately force the industry out of business, by making distribution impossible. The rules set up in one State often differ radically from those accepted in another. In several States, for example, it is regarded as unlawful to show a woman smoking a cigarette, a clause

which might eliminate any scene of a social gathering happening in another State. Then, too, censors have their own prejudices. A lawyer on one censorship board objected to any picture in which a "crooked" lawyer appeared. An inland State prohibited the display of girls in bathing suits; while a seacoast State saw no impropriety in such scenes. Scenes of strike riots were ordered eliminated from news reels in one State at the same time its newspapers were using photographs of the exact incidents recorded in the films.

Nor has censorship proved to be effective in actual operation. For instance, for 12 years Chicago censors have eliminated screen references to crime, hold-ups, carrying of firearms, bootleggers, etc. And does anyone venture to say that Chicago has become a model city because of these prohibitions?

The wisdom of Abraham Lincoln—"Throw the people on their own resources and then this Republic, the last possible hope of earth, will never perish out of the world"—has been and still is the wisdom of America. In 13 States which considered censorship laws in 1923, the measures were promptly defeated. And the only time the people themselves have had an opportunity to express an opinion, in the Massachusetts referendum, they voiced an overwhelming "No!"

The American people who make up our audiences—the families of America—are sound and wholesome at heart. They want wholesome entertainment but they do not want censors to say what shall be shown them on the screen. They are fully aware that in the world's progress, as finer instincts appear, evil influences tend to disappear.

The liberty that is asked for motion picture producers is not license in any sense. Obscenity disseminated in whatever form is not countenanced

for one minute. But obscenity is already a crime, and there are penalties fixed by statute for violation of public decency.

The sense of responsibility on the part of the producers which censorship would remove, is the surest guarantee of progress and right conduct. Newspapers exercise this sense of responsibility, with full freedom. No censor looks over the shoulder of the editor. The people have said to the newspaper: "We trust you. If you abuse our trust, we will punish you." That is the sort of freedom the motion picture must have. Freedom, with strict accountability for the proper use of that freedom, is its prerogative.

In regard to children: No one could reasonably demand, nor would it be tolerated, that all motion pictures be constructed to fit the psychology of the child. The general run of pictures is not now, and never will be, intended especially for children. There are, however, certain standards of decency that do not apply to age, and they shall be established and maintained. The statement that 75 percent of our motion picture audiences are children is patently absurd. Actually, only 8 percent are children.

Wherever the interest of parents has supported them, Saturday morning performances for children have been highly successful.

Censorship will not take the place of development of character in children. The responsibility cannot and should not be shifted to the exhibitors and producers of pictures, nor to the State. Parents cannot look upon rearing a family simply as a biological performance. They must see it as a moral responsibility. The natural restraints of home, of love, of companionship, of church, and of school are the safe, sane methods. "The child must be prepared for the path, and not the path for the child."

The motion picture industry is self-regulated and law-abiding. Twenty-three of the most important producing and distributing organizations, producing 85 percent of all feature pictures made in this country, are associated together for the purpose of

bringing production to its highest possible moral and artistic level. The industry has so organized its production that the steady stream of good pictures is meeting with the approval of the great majority of people the world over. The product compares favorably with the best that is being produced in literature, the spoken drama, music, or painting. This is far more effective than censorship. In one place only can the wrong be kept out of a picture and the advantages retained, and that place is the *studio where the pictures are made, at the time they are made, and by the men who make them.*

The one unfailing way of making sure of good pictures is by patronizing the good pictures already in existence; that is, paying admission to see them and thus making them financially successful. The "Life of Abraham Lincoln" would have died a-borning if the organized forces of America had not rallied to its cause. There is real reason for pride in the victory of that fine picture, an example of effective work done by organized and interested people of America in cooperation with our Association.

I do not think I am too visionary when I say that the motion picture is the greatest agency yet given to man to bring about more cordial relations between nations. When we know each other, we do not hate; and when we do not hate we do not wage wars.

Like other Americans, we, the producers, see censorship as un-American, unnecessary, and ineffective. The people do not want it. The industry is concerned with supplying the people—the vast majority of people—with the happiness and inspiration that lie in good entertainment. Mistakes will continue to be made, no doubt. But the trend is upward, the aims and purposes are high.

Meanwhile, the American people will take care of the whole matter of censorship by aiding the industry in its best efforts, by patronizing the good pictures, and by exercising its right to choose the wheat from the chaff.

Bullets Glance Off Him!

Condensed from Success Magazine (April, '27)

Rollin Lynde Hartt

THE other day I saw Anders Jacobson get "shot," while I looked on. Jacobson makes a profession of demonstrating the bullet-proof vest invented by John J. De Boves. The muzzle of a large and dangerous German Mauser, firing a long, pointed, terrifying bullet, was put within an inch of Jacobson's heart. Then—BANG!—a report that nearly split my ears. The expression of Anders's face never changed. The ash remained undisturbed at the end of his cigarette. "With my eyes shut, I couldn't have told on which side I was shot," he said.

I thrust a finger into the hole made in the gray covering of the vest, and touched the bullet. It was hot. De Boves pulled the bullet out. It had flattened, and was now about an inch across.

De Boves explained his invention. It consists of metal plates about as thick as a safety razor blade. Instead of resisting the bullet's force, they distributed it swiftly around and through the man. The bullet hasn't time to puncture the thin steel plates, for its force is dissipated too quickly. Strangely enough, if the vest were put on a wooden Indian, the bullet will go right through. If you shoot the vest when no one has it on, the same thing will happen. It takes a soft backing, preferably that afforded by a human body, to make sure of furnishing the "vibratory leak" upon which the success of the contrivance depends.

"During the war," said De Boves, "I was distressed by the terrible slaughter, and tried to find a principle on which to base some kind of defensive armor. One after another I tried all the known principles. None was of any use. I had to find a new principle, and after two years of failure, I succeeded. Though the war

was over by that time, the crime wave set in, making the bullet-proof vest a blessing. Bandits aim at the trunk. If that is protected, police officers, or men moving pay-rolls, can laugh at bandits."

I asked De Boves how he discovered a man brave enough to be the first to put the vest on and get shot.

"We advertised for a man not afraid of a dangerous job, and in came Anders. He had been a steeple-jack. But when we told him that he would have to get shot twice a day he took one look at the vest and exclaimed, 'Not me!'

"However, he put on the vest. I got out the big Mauser pistol. 'Not me!' he said again. 'You won't mind it,' I protested. 'The only bother is the noise. Suppose I use a blank cartridge, and see if you can stand the noise.' He consented, but the cartridge I used was not blank.

"I fired. He didn't know he had been shot. 'You'll find the bullet in the vest,' I said. He took the bullet out hot and flattened. He has been demonstrating for us ever since."

From De Boves's partner I learned that Jacobson was not the first to put on the bullet-proof vest and get shot. De Boves himself was.

Recently De Boves has invented the new armored limousine, which has a great advantage over the armored trucks in common use. Those forts on wheels declare their business and invite attack while the men in charge are loading or unloading them. The De Boves armored car has a bullet-proof chassis, bullet-proof glass, and puncture-proof tires; it is as invulnerable as the fort on wheels, but it does not invite attack, for it looks like any limousine. De Boves has also invented a new armored truck, which resembles any truck of the same build.

Bandits have no way of guessing from its appearance what its business is.

Because they are so new, the De Boves armored car yields few stories. But the bullet-proof vest yields stories in abundance. On Feb. 23, 1925, John Hall, town marshal of Martin's Junction, Ky., was notified that two desperadoes were about to alight from a train there. With four deputies he went to the station, and no sooner had the train pulled in than the desperadoes opened fire. Hall received ten shots in his bullet-proof vest. Except for the concealed armor, any one of them would have killed him.

About a year ago, Motorcycle Officer William Vincent of East St. Louis, Ill., pursued and captured, single-handed,

an automobile full of gunmen. Any one of the four body shots which he received during the fight would have been fatal but for the bullet-proof vest which he wore.

Not long ago, Benito Mussolini was fired upon by a would-be assassin. The shot, aimed at the dictator's body, had no effect. This, as the correspondent reported, was because he wore beneath his clothing a vest of "hard leather"; but leather will not stop a bullet, and the Italian government had previously ordered four bullet-proof vests from Mr. De Boves. They were obtained through diplomatic agents here, and sent to Italy. That much is known. The rest is guesswork, but putting the facts together, it seems quite apparent.

Marriage

(Continued from page 6)

opinion that freedom must be an element in happy marriages; and that intelligent and well-meaning people can make their marriages happy by introducing it."

"How about a wife whose husband is infatuated with another woman, or a husband who learns that his wife is in love with another man? Ought married people to consent to *that* freedom?"

"Freedom, it seems, would bring the greatest approach to happiness. If a husband constrains his wife, she will still care as much as before for the other man; the husband has therefore gained nothing of her *heart*, and her heart is surely the important thing. Of course I don't insist that, under these circumstances, the marriage would be a happy one, though it would have a better chance of becoming one, in time, than if the wife's freedom were curtailed by compul-

sion. I have not supposed that freedom of itself creates a perfect happiness. A man with a lively toothache is not happy, no matter how much liberty he has. All marriages having freedom may not be happy, but to have freedom is to have the greatest chance of happiness in marriage; a marriage cannot be happy, lacking it, except with the pallid happiness of master and complacent serf."

I saw that he remained somewhat skeptical; but at least I had convinced myself, and that is certainly something! My definite conclusion was of the simplest possible kind; that although the prisoner with shackles on his body may be happy if his spirit be free, there cannot be happiness in a *heart* held to bondage. Therefore freedom is indeed the great essential element in a happy marriage. For without it, marriage is bondage.

Should Religion Be Abolished?

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly (April 9, '27)

Bruce Barton

THE ship *l'Orient* carried a distinguished company of men upon an exciting errand that summer evening in 1798. The youth of 28, who had flamed across the sky of Europe like a comet, was on his way to greater glories.

"Europe is nothing but a mole hill," he exclaimed. So he was headed for Egypt to found an Oriental empire, and he was taking with him as helpers the best engineers and scientists in France. On this evening he sat relaxed but interested while his savants talked about religion. Egypt's religion had made its history, they said, but the religion itself was only myth and humbug. This was true of all religions. During certain phases in human development they had their uses, but the time for them had long since passed. Men could now dare to say there was no God. And Napoleon leaned back and smiled and listened. Then he lifted his hand to the brilliant stars.

"Very ingenious, messieurs," he said, "but who made all that?"

I have been told by a physician of New York's East Side, that almost everybody prays before he dies, and that no matter how long he has lived in America, he prays in the language to which he was born. In every human being, emperor or pauper, philosopher or slave, is a mysterious SOMETHING which he neither understands nor controls. It may be repressed or forgotten, but there comes an hour when it leaps forth. It overreaches habit; it pushes aside reason, and with a voice that will not be denied it cries out its questionings and its prayer.

In one of his cleverest essays Maeterlinck considers the life of the dog. He says that the dog does not spend much time in looking up at the sky; one glance is enough to show him that

there is nothing he can dig out of that. But the earth may be dug into and interesting objects found therein.

Man also digs in the earth; he must dig or he cannot live. But man has not been content, as has the dog, with a single upward glance. Delving away with aching arms, pushing himself relentlessly in the battle for existence, he has continued to glance up. However absurdly, he has made himself believe that he is more than the beasts; that behind the riddle of the stars there is an answer; beyond the storm and sun, a Power.

Even the most critical of skeptics will hardly deny that, with all its wickedness and cruelties, religion has been a lifting force, a ladder for the upward climb. But the toughest part of the climb is over. We have achieved civilization, and it looks reasonably secure. We are full-grown men at last and need no myths; let us face the facts.

The facts in the case AGAINST religion are threefold.

In the first place, science has banished many of the mysteries that were so long inscrutable. We know that the thunder is not God's voice, nor the lightning the agency of his wrath, for Franklin captured the lightning with a kite string, and we have learned to make it jump to light our homes or to do our family washing.

Then, science furnishes no evidence that God interrupts the reign of natural laws in response to human petition. On the contrary, there is disconcerting evidence that natural laws have neither respect for human rights nor any sense of moral values.

The earthquake at Lisbon in 1755 shook the faith of even the most devout thinkers of that time. Here were 30,000 people, crowded into their

churches on All Saints' Day, making their humble supplications to a supposedly loving God, when suddenly and without warning the churches were hurled down upon their helpless heads, burying them in ruins. Thousands of men and women were made atheists by that Lisbon earthquake. They could no longer tolerate a deity who would slaughter 30,000 people gathered humbly in His worship. So Nature has grasped hands with the widening discoveries of science as the second fact in the case against religion.

The third fact is man's growing independence. While the struggle for existence still hung in the balance, man needed the help of whatever gods there were. But the struggle is nearly, if not entirely, won. Problems of production have been solved.

Similarly, prosperity has almost always been accompanied by a decline of religion. Even so faithful a believer as Francis Bacon noted that "learned times, especially with peace and prosperity," are causes of atheism. "for troubles and adversities do more to bow men's minds to religion."

In other words, the ladder of faith is good while you are down and struggling to get up, but it is normally forgotten when you have arrived. Does this mean that the days of religion are past? Isn't it time to welcome bravely the new day of science, of natural law, of prosperity humanly created and controlled?

Before we give a final answer we may pause to reflect that this era is not without precedent. On several occasions in the past humanity has seemingly won its upward struggle and been blessed with power and plenty. There were the days when Alexander carried Greek culture everywhere. Alexander finished the conquests begun by Philip his father. He conquered Egypt, and humbled all of India that could be reached. Nowhere in the world was there any organized power to give him the stimulus of a good fight. He was supreme master; he was not yet 30, and there was no more. In a pathetically tragic search for contentment he threw himself into

wild excesses. But in the doing of them there was no inner peace. "There are no more worlds to conquer," he exclaimed, and, weeping, he threw himself into a drunken debauch. Being tired of living, he died.

Let us glance at another prosperous period and another king, a "son of David." His book describes his efforts to find happiness and contentment in life. He began by studying all the books and seeking wisdom from every source. He thought this would give him peace, but he found that he was less happy than before.

"For in much wisdom is much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow."

He set forth then on another tack. He would seek pleasure; life was a joke without meaning. But there was no comfort at the end of this path either. So he threw himself into industry. He made great works; he built houses; he planted vineyards; he had servants and great possessions. "And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them, I withheld not my heart from any joy."

Like Alexander he had youth, wealth, fame, health, physical and mental delights. But, says he: "I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do; and, behold, all was vanity, and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun."

A discouraging confession from one who had tried all the things that the rest of us are trying so hard to obtain. Is this the top of the ladder? Is this to be the last chapter in human life when every want is satisfied: tears and drunkenness because there are no more worlds to conquer; vanity of vanities, vexation of spirit?

"A time of great advance in power, of wealth and prosperity," said Seelye, "is commonly a time of decline is religious feeling."

We are on the threshold of such a time, a period when more people will have larger prosperity than ever before. It is conceivable, even, that all of us might get everything we want.

As Alexander did . . . and this other, older king.

Cheer Up, America!

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (March, '27)

William Allen White

WORKMEN were tearing down the old Park Avenue Hotel in New York City. The foremen were not distinguished from the workers in either clothing or in the manner of their occupation. They all worked; no man idled. Few gave orders. The orders were reasonably polite.

Four years ago I saw 30 or 40 boys, naked save for a loincloth, digging out a temple in Egypt near Luxor. The foreman, turbaned and draped in long, dark skirts, stood over the youths, cursing them, urging them to their task. They, watching him with snakelike cunning, did as little clawing in the earth as possible. Occasionally, to emphasize the abysmal difference yawning between the foreman and the workers, the turbaned man cracked his whip upon the naked back of some boy who jumped and winced. Another foreman, or superintendent, much more splendidly robed, sat aloof, as far from the slave driver as the slave driver was from his prey. And occasionally, strolling into the work, came another man, an Egyptian of the scholarly cast, whose eyes scorned the superintendent and could not even see the foreman and had no social consciousness whatever of the naked creatures groveling in the dust.

Somewhere in the contrast between those pictures lies all that is worth while in America. The two pictures revealed two civilizations, each founded upon a deeply different social philosophy. In Egypt are the beginnings of human progress; from America, looking back, we can measure man's advance.

Man has marked his progress not so much by the material aspects of his civilization as he has marked it by his philosophy of life, particu-

larly his attitude towards his fellows. The attitude which makes the difference between the boys under the lash of Thebes and the men under orders in New York City, is the attitude of good will manifest in mutual consideration. This mutual consideration which dominates the civilization of Europe and America has enlarged one quality in man which makes the Western man different from his fellows on the planet. The Western man has self-respect, "the pearl of great price." Because of the fact that in America men may easily be self-respecting, the millions have come flocking to the United States from all over the globe. Self-respect is bought with many things, but the common coin with which men today seek to buy it is money, wealth, capital. To be free from the lash is the chief end of man. Freedom is another name for self-respect.

Democracy is institutionalized self-respect. It is odd to watch man in the ages between Thebes and New York, nosing about for 5000 years, burrowing for a quick passage through to self-respect. He tried here, a military empire under Rome; there, a feudal system; yonder, a hierarchy; beyond, a limited monarchy; each attempt coming a little nearer to the ideal in his heart.

To point out in American civilization its banality; to stress our commercial greed, our ravening imperialism on the sea whereon the flag follows the bargain; to fall down in despair before boodlers and grafters in politics; to grow gloomy in the face of social climbers; to surrender all hope for America because of the tabloid newspapers, jazz in the radio, and the demagogue in public life—in short, to stress the indecencies obvious in the scum of our con-

sciousness, is to see life as a child sees it and to miss its meaning. The same child, looking at "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome" would forget also the vast cruelties of those civilizations which outbalanced for the common man the superficial beauties that survive those civilizations. Progress in a civilization must be measured by its effect upon man in the average if we are to accept what seems to be man's aim in his struggle with his environment since the dawn of history. And since the beginning man has been striving for just one thing—the right to be his own and not another's, for the thing called equality of opportunity.

A wiseacre declares, "There are many things in this life that are better than money, but it takes money to get them." America is the paradise of capital. Somehow, the very abundance of wealth has made it easy for the average man to acquire a share. So here from all over the earth the poor and oppressed have come and found the self-respect which they have been denied in other places. Government has taken wealth from the few and given its blessings to the many in the form of education, policing, regulatory measures affecting transportation, communication, and human welfare. The government has bought health for the masses; the government has engaged in the care of the poor, of the defective, and has organized opportunity in a score of ways undreamed of in other times and places.

Vast inequities still remain. While American politics are probably no worse than the politics of any other land, it is not to be denied that government is the shield for special privilege, that the rich enjoy privileges in our courts which are denied to the poor, that government does at times act with stupidity, and at times with cupidity.

Granted all its enemies say of it—still America, more than any other section of the earth, does guarantee to each human being according to his capacity for industry, courage,

and intelligence, a right to look squarely into the face of his peers, dream his own dreams, follow his own visions, live his own life, with such abundance, with such beauty, and with such joy as his own heart may contain. Here in America, the fight is a fair fight, for wealth is not established by a legal hereditary caste.

The American is a dollar-chaser, certainly: but while he grabs he gives. More than most of his brothers, the American knows that he is his brother's keeper. The American has been regenerated, renewed in self-respect, and the thing which has left him in his rebirth is cruelty. He is not callous of suffering and pain. Another millennium may refine him, may quicken his sensibilities and broaden his intellectual and spiritual horizon. Heaven hasten the day. But until that day comes let us Americans not be fooled by those one-eyed critics who see only our faults.

If they say "America has no native art" let them remember that she patronizes the art of the world generously and intelligently. If her statesmen are short-sighted, her inventors are completing the work of civilization where politics has dropped it. If we have produced no musicians, let it be remembered that the great composers find their largest audiences in America; we have more good orchestras than any other land. Our literature may be provincial, but we are cosmopolitan in our taste for literature.

It is easy to criticize America, and on the whole it is wise to do so. But let us remember, as we listen to our critics, that humanity is wiser than they, and that if America had not some real thing to offer, America would not be the magnet which is turning to our shores the dreams of the millions from all over the world. Here they come, these eager millions, that they may find the joy and salvation in the rebirth which is America. That great fact is our challenge to the world.

An Open Letter to Governor Smith

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly* (April, '27)

Charles C. Marshall

A GREAT body of American citizens take pride in your candidacy for the highest office within the gift of the nation. They know and rejoice in the hardship and the struggle which have fashioned you as a leader of men. They know your fidelity to the morality you have advocated in public and private life and to the religion you have revered; your great record of public trusts successfully and honestly discharged; your justice even to your political opponents. Men who vote habitually against your party are pondering your candidacy with sincere respect; and yet—through all this tribute there is a note of doubt, a sinister accent of interrogation, not as to intentional rectitude and moral purpose, but as to certain conceptions which your fellow citizens attribute to you as a loyal and conscientious Roman Catholic, which in their minds are irreconcilable with that Constitution which as President you must support and defend, and with the principles of civil and religious liberty on which American institutions are based.

Among the variety of religious beliefs in America, none makes a more positive demand upon the attention and reason of mankind than your venerable church, which recently at Chicago, in the greatest religious demonstration that the world has ever seen, declared her presence and her power in American life. Is not the time ripe and the occasion opportune for a declaration, if it can be made, that shall clear away all doubt as to the reconcilability of her status and her claims with American constitutional principles? With such a statement the only question as to your proud eligibility to the Presidential office would disappear, and the doubts of your fellow citizens not in the Roman Catholic Church

would be instantly resolved in your favor.

The conceptions to which we refer are not superficial. They are of the very life and being of that Church, determining its relation to the State. It is indeed true that a loyal and conscientious Roman Catholic could and would discharge his oath of office with absolute fidelity to his moral standards. As to that in general, and as to you in particular, your fellow citizens entertain no doubt. But those moral standards differ essentially from those of all men not Roman Catholics. They are derived from the basic political doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church, asserted against repeated challenges for 1500 years, that God has divided all power over men between Two Powers, the secular State and that Church.

The result is that that Church, if true to her doctrine, is committed to intolerance. This is frankly admitted by Roman Catholic authorities.

That great compendium of Roman Catholic teaching, the Catholic Encyclopedia, declares that the Roman Catholic Church "regards dogmatic intolerance, not alone as her incontestable right, but as her sacred duty."

Pope Leo XIII is explicit on this point: "The (Roman Catholic) Church, indeed, deems it unlawful to place the various forms of divine worship on the same footing as the true religion, but does not, on that account, condemn those rulers who, for the sake of securing some great good or of hindering some great evil, allow patiently custom or usage to be a kind of sanction for each kind of religion having its place in the state."

That is, there is not a lawful equality of other religions with that of the Roman Catholic Church, but that Church will allow state authorities

for politic reasons—that is, by favor, but not by right—to tolerate other religious societies. We would ask, sir, whether such favors can be accepted in place of rights by those owning the name of freemen?

Furthermore, the doctrine of the Two Powers, in effect and theory, inevitably makes the Roman Catholic Church at times sovereign and paramount over the State. It is true that in theory the doctrine assigns to the secular State jurisdiction over secular matters and to the Roman Catholic Church jurisdiction over matters of faith and morals, each jurisdiction being exclusive of the other within undisputed lines. But the universal experience of mankind has demonstrated, and reason teaches, that many questions must arise between the State and the Roman Catholic Church in respect to which it is impossible to determine to the satisfaction of both in which jurisdiction the matter lies.

Here arises the irrepressible conflict. Shall the State or the Roman Catholic Church determine? The Constitution of the United States clearly ordains that the State shall determine the question. The Catholic Encyclopedia clearly declares otherwise. And Pope Pius IX in the Syllabus asserted: "To say in the case of conflicting laws enacted by the Two Powers, the civil law prevails, is error."

If we could all concede the "divine and exclusive" claims of the Roman Catholic Church, conflict would be eliminated; but, as it is there is a wide consensus of opinion that those claims are false in fact and in flat conflict with the very being and order of the State. Such issues as the education of youth, the institution of marriage, the international relations of the State, and its domestic peace are, in certain exigencies, wrested from the jurisdiction of the State, in which all citizens share, and confided to the jurisdiction of a single religious society in which all citizens cannot share, great numbers being excluded by the barriers of religious belief. Do you, sir, regard such claims

as tolerable in a republic that calls itself free?

And in addition to all this, the exclusive powers of the Roman Catholic Church are claimed by her to be vested in a sovereignty that is not only created by God, but is foreign to these United States and to all secular states. We quote Pope Leo in his encyclical letter on *The Christian Constitution of States*: "Over the mighty multitude of mankind, God has set rulers with power to govern, and He has willed that one of them (the Pope) should be the head of all." We quote Pope Leo again: "We who hold upon this earth the place of God Almighty."

It naturally follows on all this that there is a conflict between Roman Catholic claims, and our constitutional law. Pope Leo XIII says: "It is not lawful for the State... to hold in equal favor different kinds of religion." Our constitution declares: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." The same Pope calls our attention to the error of supposing "that it would be universally lawful or expedient for State and Church to be, as in America, dis-severed and divorced." Is there not here a quandary for that man who is at once a loyal churchman and a loyal citizen? Is our law, in papal theory, no law? Is it contrary to natural right and in conflict with the fiat of Almighty God? Clearly our law and Pope Leo are profoundly at variance. Citizens who waver in your support would ask which of these teachings you accept; and if both, how you will reconcile them.

At the present time no question assumes greater importance than the education of youth. The legislatures of Tennessee, of Oregon, and of Nebraska have of late laid impious hands upon it and the judiciary has sternly curbed them. From what has been said, it is clear that the claims of the Roman Catholic Church touching this point, more than those of any other institution, may conflict with the authority of the State. That it is "not lawful for the State to hold in equal

favor different kinds of religion"; that it is not universally lawful for the State and the Roman Catholic Church to be divorced; that the various kinds of religion have their place in the State, not by natural right, but by favor; that dogmatic intolerance is the incontestable right and sacred duty of the Roman Catholic Church; that in the case of conflicting laws of the State and the Roman Catholic Church the law of that Church shall prevail, are propositions that would make up a strange textbook for the instruction of American youth.

A direct conflict between the Roman Catholic Church and the State arises on the institution of marriage. In Catholic theory the civil contract over which the State claims jurisdiction merges in the religious sacrament of marriage, which is, as to baptized persons, exclusively within the jurisdiction of the Roman Catholic Church. Pope Pius IX in 1864 proclaimed in the famous Syllabus: "It is error to hold that the sacrament of marriage is only a something accessory to the contract and separate from it." This doctrine claims for the Church, at its discretion, the right to annul and destroy the bond of civil marriage, in disregard of the law and sovereignty of the State. The practical result of such a claim appears in the light of the recent and notorious annulment of the Marlborough marriage.

It was the case of a marriage between two "Protestants," solemnized within the sovereignty of the State of New York by duly authorized ecclesiastics of the Episcopal Church. The parties took up their residence in England. Twenty-five years after the marriage, and after the birth of two children, the wife sued the husband for divorce in the English courts on the grounds of his gross misconduct. The divorce was granted. After the divorce both parties contracted civil marriages with new partners, religious marriages being difficult for them for obvious reasons. The wife's second marriage was contracted with a Roman Catholic. An annulment of the first marriage became manifestly desirable. In the courts of New York

and of England the contract was valid. The parties for 25 years had proceeded on the assumption that the marriage was valid, and the wife, by her own election under the advice of able counsel, had waived all claim to annulment and had sought divorce. But the wife applied to the Roman Catholic authorities, who granted the annulment, thus ignoring the sovereignties of New York State and England, and all that they had done in the matter. It would be difficult to find a more utter disregard of the sovereignty of States than this by the sovereignty of Rome, touching that comity which, in good morals and public decency, is supposed to exist between sovereign powers.

In your opinion, sir, are such proceedings consistent with the peace and safety of the States?

The Mexican situation has brought the claims of the Roman Catholic Church into great prominence in this country. It inevitably will concern the Executive Office at Washington next term. We have been very fully advised of the claims of the Church through the official opinion of that eminent jurist and Roman Catholic, Mr. William D. Guthrie, prepared at the request of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy of America.

Mr. Guthrie challenges the right of Mexico to enact into her constitution the provision that "the Mexican law recognizes no juridical personality in the religious institutions known as churches." But it must be borne in mind that this provision is not a statutory enactment under the constitution—it is part of the constitution itself, legally adopted by the political sovereignty of the Mexican people, absolute and supreme in creating their constitutional conditions.

Mr. Guthrie enthusiastically quotes Lord Acton: "Where ecclesiastical authority is restricted, religious liberty is denied." And he invokes public opinion in the United States, and international opinion generally, in a protest against the Mexican constitutional and legal situation, because, he says, it is "in clear conflict with the basic doctrine of the Roman Catholic

Church, that she is ecumenical and universal in the very sense and scope of the belief that all people ought to worship God, and that their Church (the Roman Catholic Church) was founded by Christ, true God and true Man, for the governance of all men living under the skies."

The claim here asserted for the Roman Catholic Church excludes every other religious foundation of having any spiritual rights under the Savior of Mankind; it asserts jurisdiction in theory over all men in spiritual affairs without regard to their assent. It is the last official promulgation of the ancient and dangerous theory of the Two Powers.

This appeal opens up international questions of a grave character. Among a proud and sensitive people, according to Mr. Guthrie, we are to project American opinion that the Mexican Constitution is intolerable because it invades the prerogatives of the ecumenical and universal Roman Catholic Church. We are, by the expression of American opinion, to invade the sovereign rights of Mexico and at the same time to register our own surrender of religious liberty *de jure* to the claims of that Church. "Many historical precedents could be cited," says Mr. Guthrie, "which would abundantly support a protest, and even armed intervention, at the present time in Mexico, in order to insure to the Mexican people religious liberty." Armed intervention!

"To this Society (the Roman Catholic Church)," wrote Pope Leo XIII, "the only begotten Son of God entrusted all the truths which He had taught in order that it might keep and guard them and with lawful authority explain them, and at the same time He commanded all nations to hear the voice of the (Roman Catholic) Church as if it were his own, threatening those who would not hear it with everlasting perdition."

It is the voice of that Church that speaks to America in the words of its distinguished counsel in the Mexican situation; and your fellow citizens

are concerned to enquire what authority you ascribe to that voice.

In the 16th century the decree of Pope Pius V in terms deposed Elizabeth, Queen of England, from the English throne and absolved her subjects from their allegiance. The result is well known. Much that pertained to Roman Catholicism became associated, in the popular mind of England, with treason. Roman Catholics were for a time oppressed in their rights and privileges. Public opinion slowly changed and gradually Roman Catholic disabilities were removed, and in 1850 the Roman Catholic Hierarchy was restored in England and amity reigned within the realm irrespective of different religions. But the toleration and magnanimity of England bore strange fruit. Scarcely was the Roman Hierarchy restored to its ancient privileges when the astounding *Apostolic Letter* of Pope Leo XIII appeared (1896) declaring to the world that the orders of the Church of England were void, her priests not priests, her bishops not bishops, and her sacraments so many empty forms.

But this was not all. Reaching back through three centuries, the Roman Pontiff drew from obscurity the case of John Felton, who in 1570 had posted on the walls of London the decree of the Pope deposing the English Queen. Felton was beatified in 1886 by Pope Leo XIII. The honors paid him are no part of the medieval milieu; their sinister import lies in that they belong to the modern world and must be judged by modern standards. One would have supposed that the changes in political thought through 300 years would have dictated the wisdom of letting the memory of John Felton rest in peace.

Is the record of the Roman Catholic Church in England consistent, sir, in your opinion, with the peace and safety of the State?

Nothing will be of greater satisfaction to your fellow citizens than such a disclaimer by you of the convictions here imputed as may justly turn public opinion in your favor.



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IS MAN IMMORTAL? (p. 17)—S. PARKES CADMAN, D.D., America's great Radio Preacher; pastor of Central Congregational Church, Brooklyn. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D.D., preacher at City Temple, London, during the war. LUTHER BURBANK, America's great scientist. FRANCIS J. MCCONNELL, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. JAMES BRANCH CABELL, critic and novelist, author of Jurgen. EDWARD J. KEMPF, M.D., eminent practising psychologist and author. WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, famous Kansas journalist, and editor of the Emporia Gazette. H. A. OVERSTREET, Professor of Philosophy, City College of New York, author of Influencing Human Behavior. CONINGSBY DAWSON, brilliant novelist, author of The Coast of Folly. WALTER PRICHARD EATON, author, lecturer and critic. HAROLD BELL WRIGHT, world famous novelist. CHANNING POLLOCK, dramatist and theatrical producer, author of The Enemy. JUDGE FLORENCE ALLEN, Justice of the Supreme Court of Ohio, the world's ranking jurist. JOHN LANGDON DAVIES, famous English biologist; author of The New Age of Faith. REV. JAMES M. GILLIS, Editor of The Catholic World. RT. REV. CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY, Bishop-coadjutor of Massachusetts.

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JOHN JESUDASON CORNELIUS (p. 31), a distinguished native of India who holds degrees from four American universities and has been Professor of Philosophy for several years at Lucknow University in India, is a fourth-generation Christian. Dr. Cornelius was a delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Springfield, Mass., in May, 1924, and to the 19th World Conference of the Y. M. C. A. at Helsingfors last summer. He was also a special lecturer at the Williamstown Institute of Politics in 1925, and a member of the Institute of International Politics at Geneva in 1926.

CHARLES B. DRISCOLL (p. 33) is one of the Editors of McNaught's Monthly.

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WILLIAM FEATHER (p. 45) is a former newspaper man, now engaged in the publishing business in Cleveland.

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BRUCE BARTON (p. 57), one of the best known magazine writers in America, was born in Robbins, Tenn., 40 years ago. He was graduated from Amherst in 1907. He is the author of The Man Nobody Knows, and The Book Nobody Knows. Mr. Barton's new book, from the first chapter of which the condensation on page 57 is made, is appearing serially in Collier's Weekly.

CHARLES C. MARSHALL (p. 61) is an experienced attorney of New York City who has throughout his active life been closely associated with the Anglican Church and has made himself an authority upon canon law.

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